



we ooze the
NINJA TURTLES

* we break up
FAMILY MATTERS

* we slam
THE DOORS

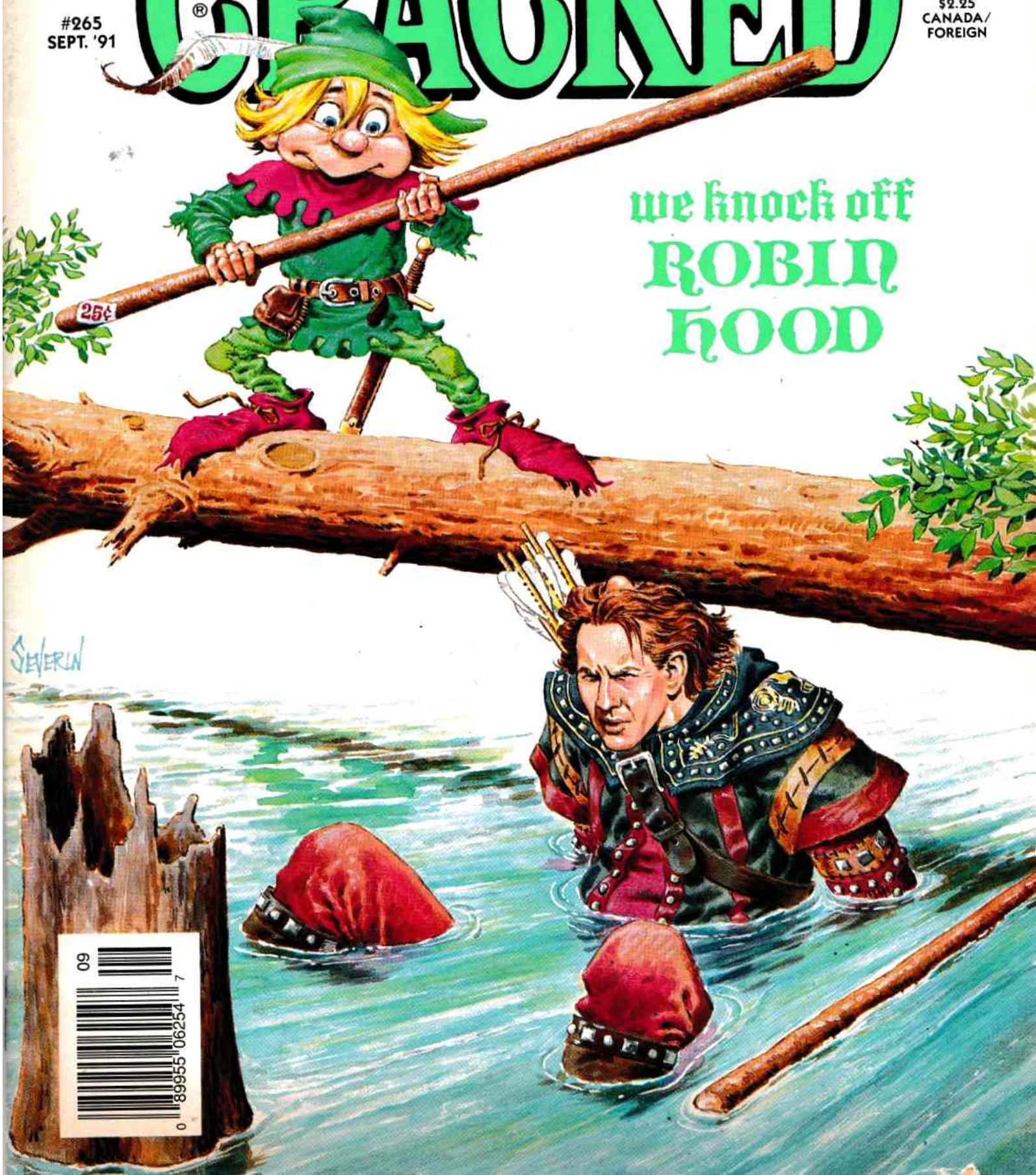
WHAT,
ME
MERRY?

#265
SEPT. '91

CRACKED

\$1.75
\$2.25
CANADA/
FOREIGN

we knock off
**ROBIN
HOOD**



SEVERIN



THE "ULTIMATE" ULTIMATE WARRIOR!

HALF-GENERAL

HALF-WEIGHTLIFTER

NORMAN

SCHWARZKOPFENNEGGER

CAN COMMAND FLEET OF TANKS OR LIFT THEM UP AND RANDOMLY TOSS THEM AT ENEMY...

CAN DEPLOY AIRCRAFT CARRIER INTO PERSIAN GULF TO SCARE ENEMY - OR CAN DEPLOY SELF INTO PERSIAN GULF TO SCARE ENEMY...

THE SCHWARZ BE WITH YOU

SCHWARZKOPFENNEGGER

US ARMY

CAN FORCE ENEMY TO SURRENDER BY BRILLIANT STRATEGY - OR BY CLAIMING HE'S THE "TERMINATOR"

CAN EITHER PUNCH GUY'S LIGHTS OUT OR ORDER TOMAHAWK MISSILE INTO GUY'S CHIN.

CAN ORDER SQUADRON OF 300 MEN TO DO 50 PUSH-UPS EACH... OR DO ALL 15,000 PUSH-UPS BY HIMSELF...

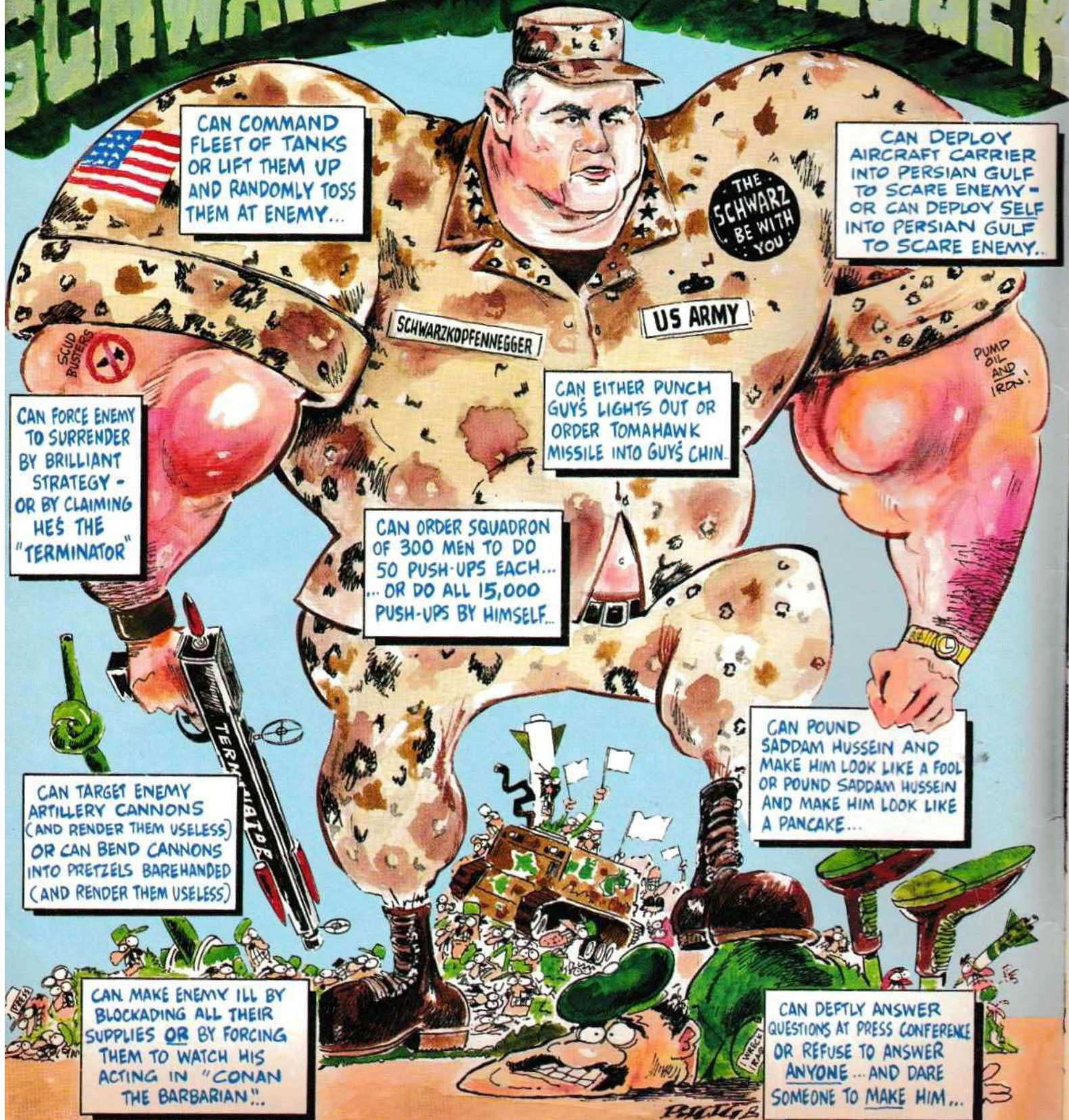
PUMP OIL AND IRON!

CAN TARGET ENEMY ARTILLERY CANNONS (AND RENDER THEM USELESS) OR CAN BEND CANNONS INTO PRETZELS BAREHANDED (AND RENDER THEM USELESS)

CAN POUND SADDAM HUSSEIN AND MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE A FOOL OR POUND SADDAM HUSSEIN AND MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE A PANCAKE...

CAN MAKE ENEMY ILL BY BLOCKADING ALL THEIR SUPPLIES OR BY FORCING THEM TO WATCH HIS ACTING IN "CONAN THE BARBARIAN"...

CAN DEFTLY ANSWER QUESTIONS AT PRESS CONFERENCE OR REFUSE TO ANSWER ANYONE... AND DARE SOMEONE TO MAKE HIM...



CRACKED



Sept., '91 #265

The complexities of living have forced "the bottom line" onto the next page.

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JOHN SEVERIN, cover art
BROGAN/SILVERSTONE, back cover
MIKE RICIGLIANO, inside cover



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Parents, teachers, and evildoers... BEWARE! Those gnarly green pizza-guzzling dudes are back, more bodacious than ever. Yep, it's...

THE TOONAGE MUTANT NINJA TURDLES II

THE SECRETION OF THE OOZE

WRITER: VIC BIANCO

ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

OOZE, HEEYAH!
GET YOUR ICE-COLD
OOZE...



THE MOTHER
OF ALL
SABOTEURS!



YOU SAID IT,
SONNY...



Ride 'em, Cowboy, I
mean, Turtleboy!

Are you undercover cops?

CUTTING DOWN FORESTS
IS ECO-ILLOGICAL

No, under shell. Actually, we're
not cops, we're more like
concerned citizens.

This is a citizen's arrest? I'd
rather be busted by the L.A.
police!

MEATS

TODAY'S SPECIAL
HOT
DAWGS

Hot dog,
dude!

Who
are
you?

I'm Frito,
I deliver
pizzas.

Then stop wasting time and starting delivering. Don't you
realize pizzas are the lifeblood of America? On the way out, call
the cops to pick up these creeps.

I already dialed 911 and got some guy named William
Shatner. I told him four large turtles were doing a number
on a gang of crooks.

What'd he say?

It sounded like, "Beam me aboard, Scottie."

Awesome!

ADRIAN'S
PETS

Yo, Adrian, I wanna buy
me a pair of them kind of
turtles.

THE JIMMY WALKER MALL

YOU ARE HERE



Leonardo throws a long pass... it's too long!

Uh, guys, any luck finding a new place to live?

No, it ain't easy finding decent, affordable sewer housing in New York.

Hey, if we move, you'll be Home Alone!

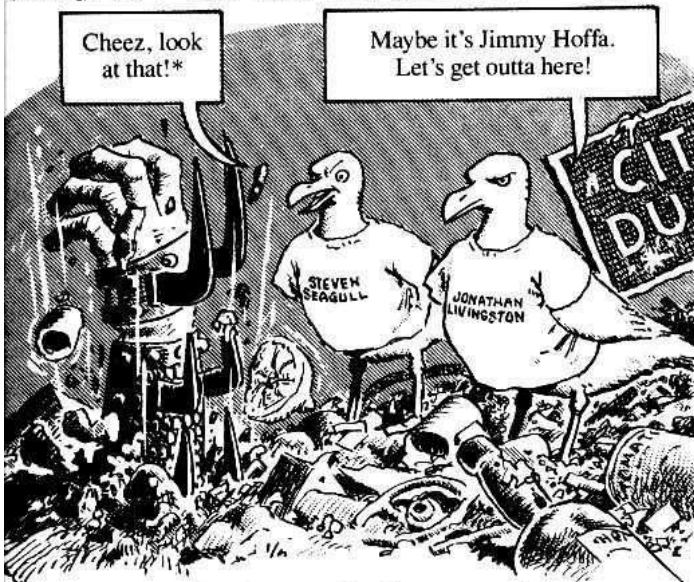


Guess who? Alright, you dirty rat... uh, sorry, Sphinxer.

Microangelo, get away from that window. Never forget, a Ninja must remain invisible.

Yeah, and that ain't easy when you're a six foot turtle with two toes!

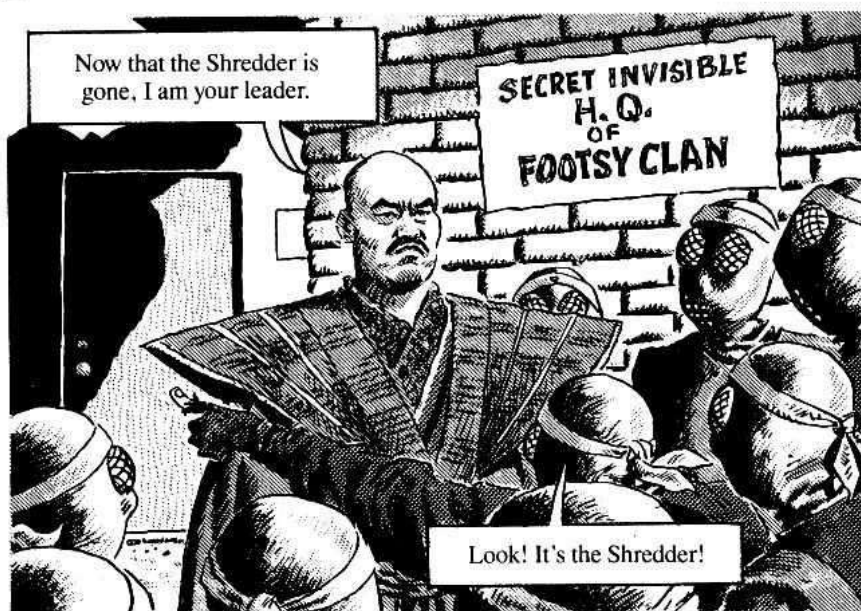
My son, that is why we live in New York. Here, nobody notices you; you're just another typical New Yorker.



Cheez, look at that!*

Maybe it's Jimmy Hoffa. Let's get outta here!

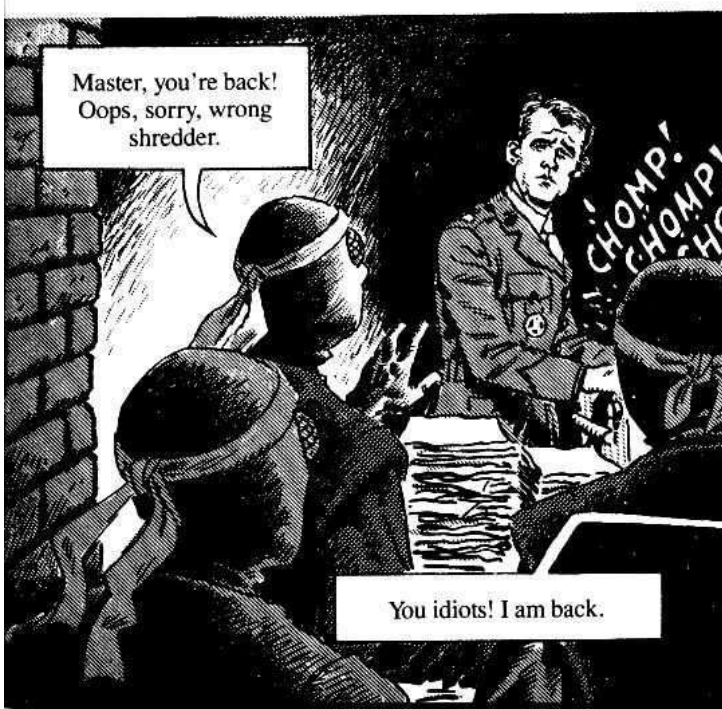
*Hey, if turtles can talk, why not sea gulls?



Now that the Shredder is gone, I am your leader.

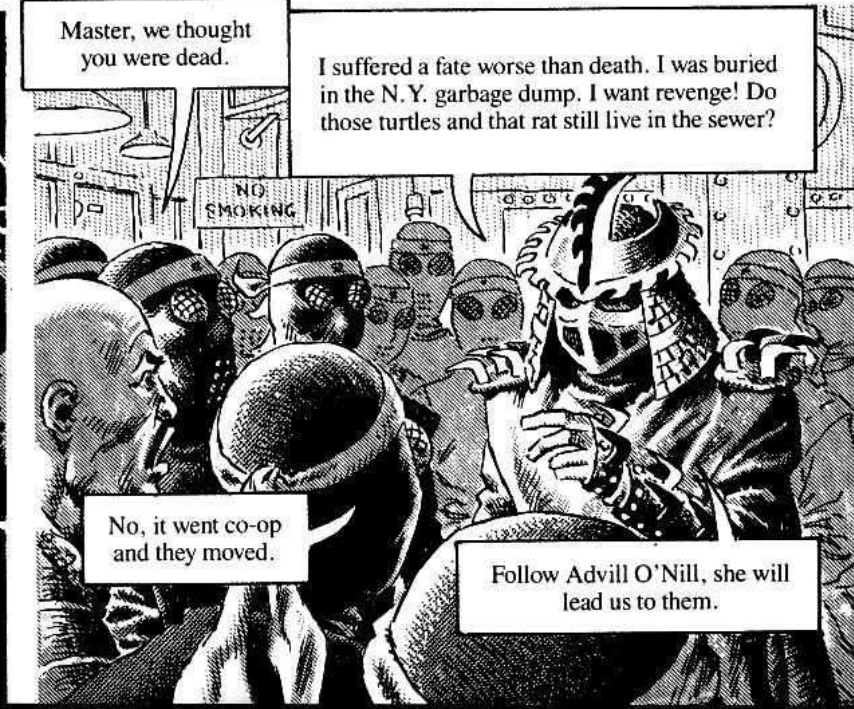
SECRET INVISIBLE H.Q. OF FOOTSY CLAN

Look! It's the Shredder!



Master, you're back! Oops, sorry, wrong shredder.

You idiots! I am back.



Master, we thought you were dead.

I suffered a fate worse than death. I was buried in the N.Y. garbage dump. I want revenge! Do those turtles and that rat still live in the sewer?

No, it went co-op and they moved.

Follow Advill O'Neill, she will lead us to them.

Professor, why has TGI decided to clean up this toxic waste site?

We're doing this as a public service. There is no evidence of toxic material present.

Then how do you explain these seven foot dandelions?

TGI

TOXIC GUY INC.

Uh, would you believe cow doo-doo?

COWA-DUNGA, dude!

My sons, I have been meditating, seeking answers to our past. The Ooze that was in **this** canister holds the answer to our condition.

You mean the Ooze is like our father?

Man, what do you get a canister for Father's Day?

COWABUNGA, dig this totally awesome video arcade! Anybody bring quarters?

Stop messing around, Donyello. This TGI computer can tell us what happened to all the canisters of Ooze. It says there were fifteen; fourteen were disposed of. How many are left?

Uh, let's see, uhm, this would be easier if we had five toes. I got it...one!

If it falls into the wrong hands, we could be facing a big time problem!

It has and we are!

That is correct. The Footsie Clan has the canister. YNAH YNAH YNAH YNAH!!

Not for long, dude.

Yo, bro, throw me a lateral!

BEEEEEP Turtle offside, canister belongs to FOOTSIE.

Hey, where did they go?

While we were watching the replay, the Footsie Clan split with the canister.

No way, we demand to see the replay.

Man, the Footsie Clan has the canister; how are we gonna get it back?

Look!

Professor, in this cage I have two of the most vicious animals in the world. I want you to give them an overdose of Ooze so I will have vicious mutants bigger and stronger than the turtles.

Be all that you can be, join the Footsies. The Shredder is looking for a few good men.

I refuse to do it!

Kill him.

I got an idea. I'll enlist in the Footsies and lead you guys to their hideout.

Gee, thanks!

Be careful, dude, you're important to us.

Yeah, you deliver our pizza.

On the other hand, in the name of science, let's go for it.

Alright, my pets, let's see what you can do. Ha, I love it.

Look, Joel, they're knocking over street lights and tearing up the pavement...

Big deal, this is New York somebody's always doing that.

We just happen to have this subterranean vacancy. It has electricity and running water.

Yeah, it's running all over the floor...

It does need some work, it's a handyman, sorry, **handyturtle** special. It was formerly occupied by Lex Luthor.

It's super, man. We'll take it!

Way to go, Frito!

OFFICIAL
FOOTSIE CLAN
TRYOUTS

Who's that?
Get him!

Uh, isn't this Wrestlemania? No, come to think of it, that dude doesn't look like Hulk Hogan.

Get out of here
and get the
others!

But...

No buts. Speaking of buts, I'm
gonna kick me a few. These wimps
are in for a turtle-riffic shellacking.
Bring me back a pizza with
everything.

Right
this way.

I get a feeling it's a
trap.

That's your trouble, Micro,
you're too suspicious.

AAAK!

AWKK!

One more mention of pizza, I'm
gonna barf...

You were saying?

I saw this bit in a Tarzan
movie. They caught some
apes in this kind of
contraption.

They didn't.

How did they
get out?

Look, it's Raffy!

I wonder why they
let us out? WOW!
Let us back in!

Totally gruesome! It's like King Kong
and Godzilla got married and had a
couple of kids.

These guys must have had their
Wheaties this morning.

Or their Cheerios!

* JUST ANOTHER IN THE GREAT SERIES OF
CRACKED'S ORIGINAL SOUND EFFECTS!

Yo, guys, this is no time for product placement. We have
to get away before we're killed.



Hey, it's a manhole!

Are you gonna hit these creeps with the cover?

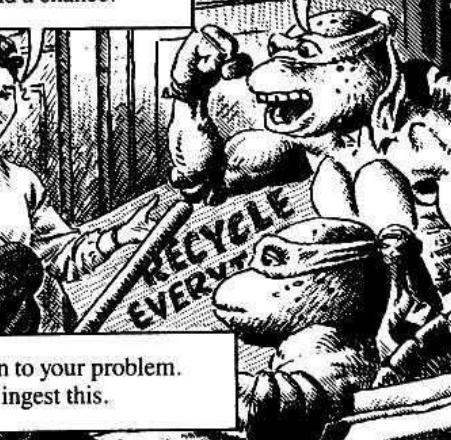
No, it's our way out. Grab Raffy and the Prof and let's split.

Yo, Advill, what's happening?

I got a message from Shredder, he wants to meet you tonight.

Awesome, we got another shot at those dweebs.

But you don't stand a chance!



This solution might be the solution to your problem. Make sure those creatures ingest this.



Gentlemen, I mean, mutants, let's rumble.

Hold it, we can't start without the traditional drink. Here, guys, ingest this, you know, drink up!

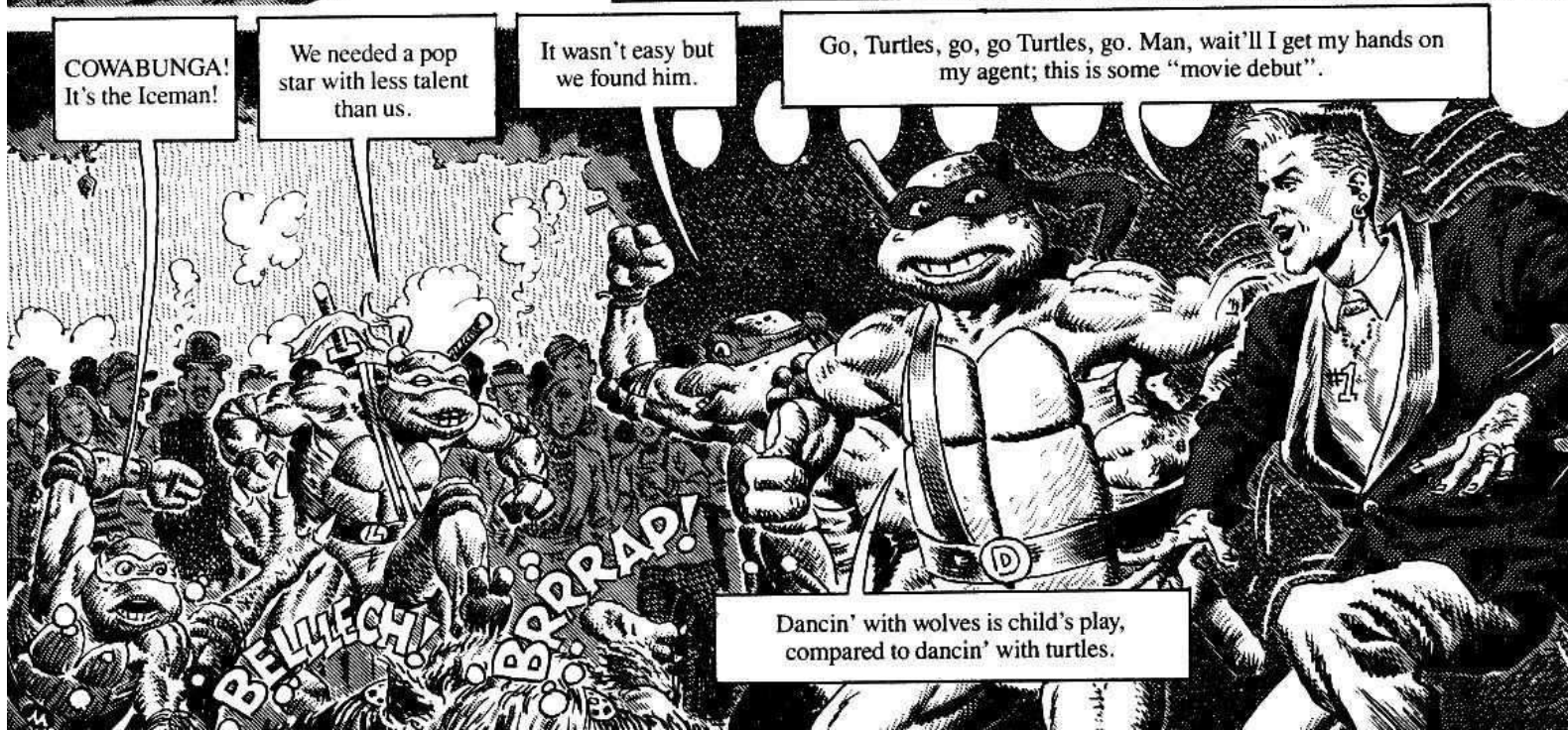


This better work or these dudes will ingest us.



You made a piggy, dude.

Man, this is a gas!



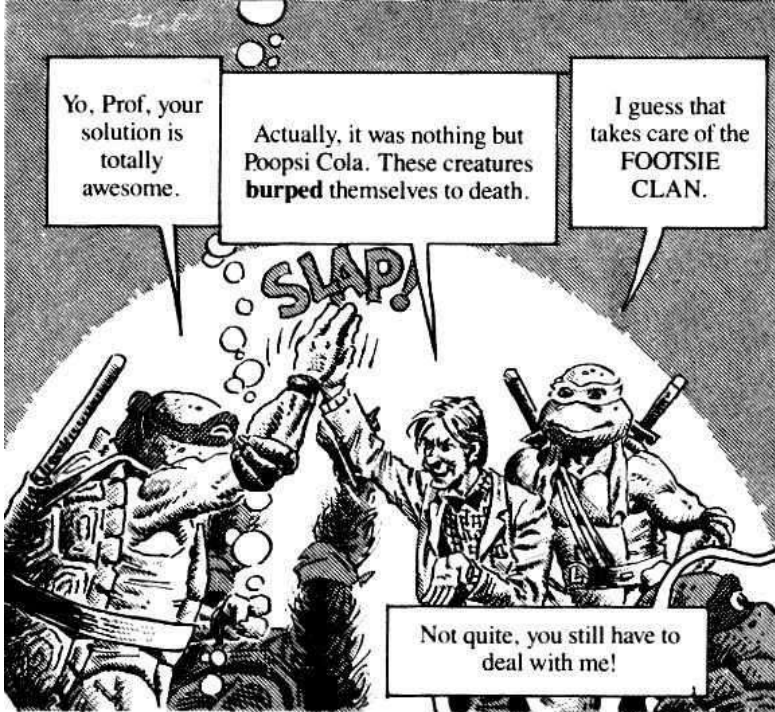
COWABUNGA! It's the Iceman!

We needed a pop star with less talent than us.

It wasn't easy but we found him.

Go, Turtles, go, go Turtles, go. Man, wait'll I get my hands on my agent; this is some "movie debut".

Dancin' with wolves is child's play, compared to dancin' with turtles.



Yo, Prof, your solution is totally awesome.

Actually, it was nothing but Poopsi Cola. These creatures **burped** themselves to death.

I guess that takes care of the **FOOTSIE CLAN**.

Not quite, you still have to deal with me!

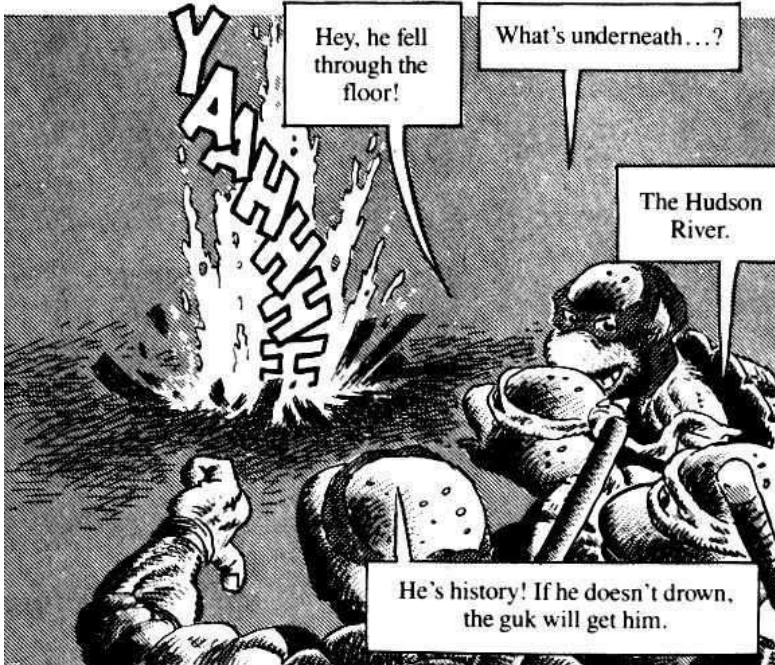


It's the Shredder!

You mean a new king-sized Shredder...

He must have been hitting the Ooze. He grew to ten feet. Amazing!

Even **more** amazing, so did his costume!

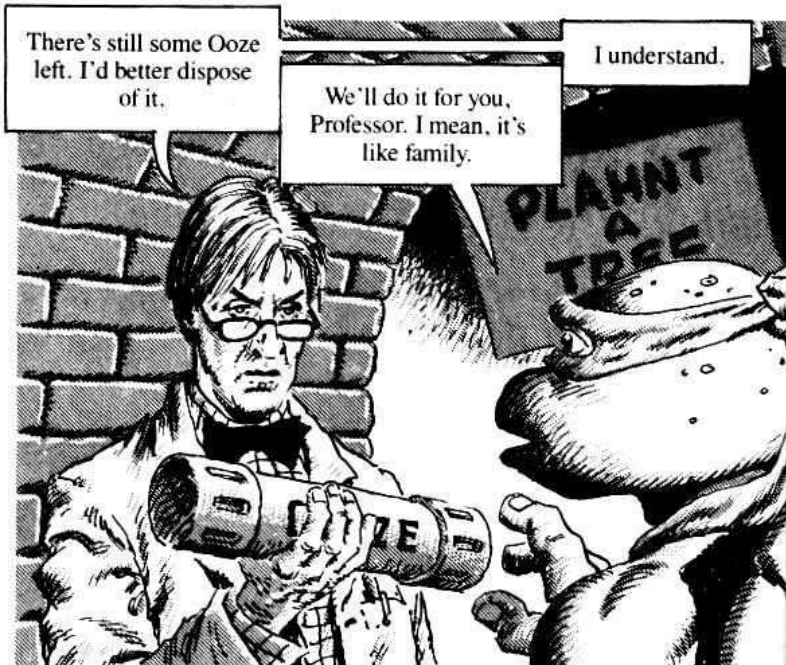


Hey, he fell through the floor!

What's underneath...?

The Hudson River.

He's history! If he doesn't drown, the guk will get him.



There's still some Ooze left. I'd better dispose of it.

We'll do it for you, Professor. I mean, it's like family.

I understand.



My sons, what are you doing?

We have four pretty, young female turtles and we're giving them the Ooze treatment.

Just because we're turtles doesn't mean we don't get lonesome for female companionship...

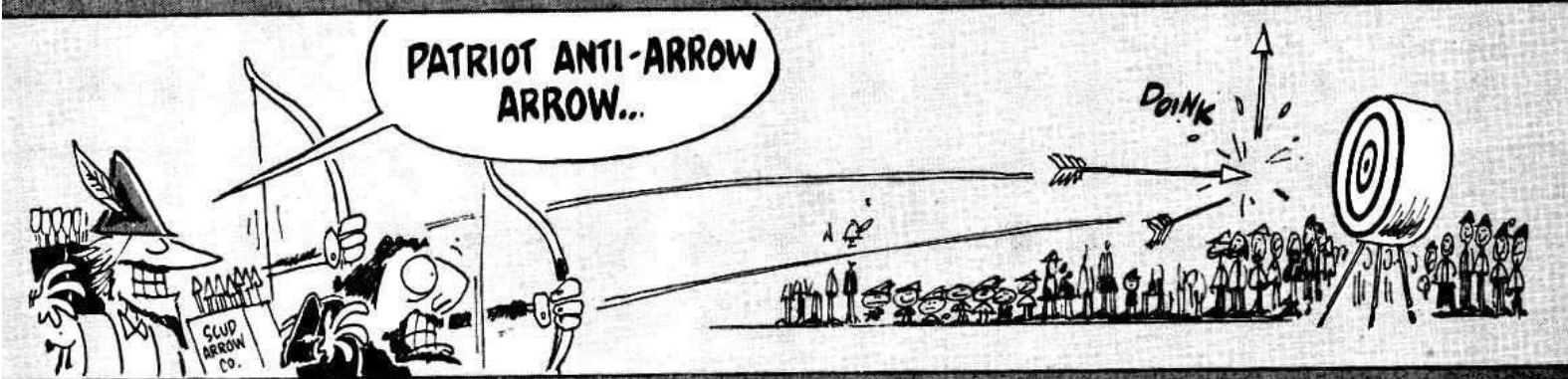
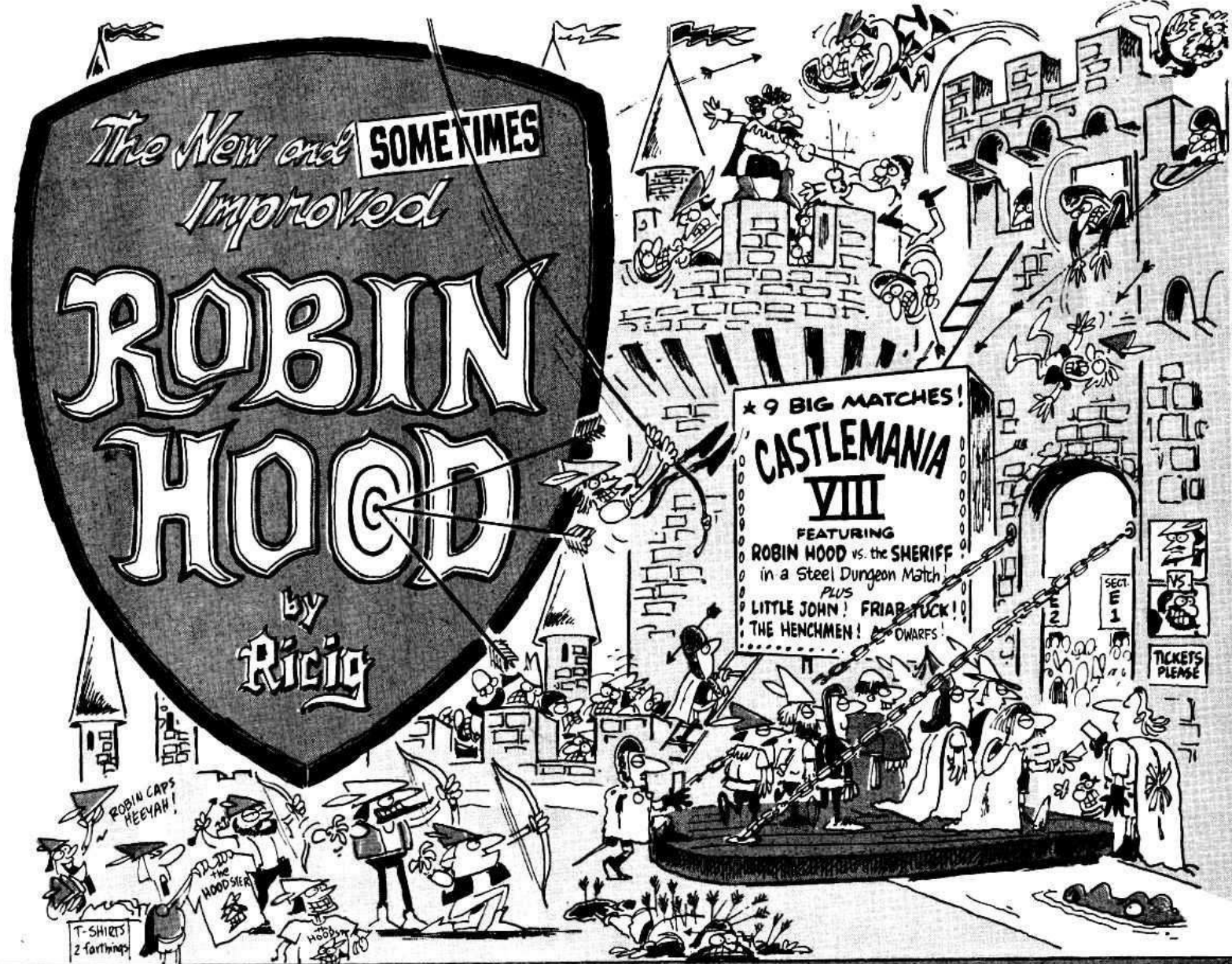
There's got to be more to life than pizza.

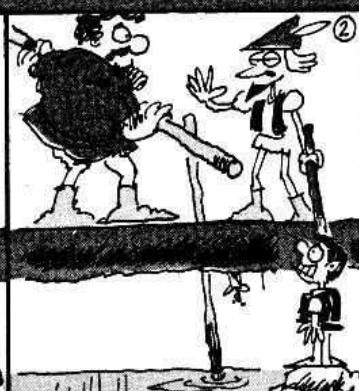
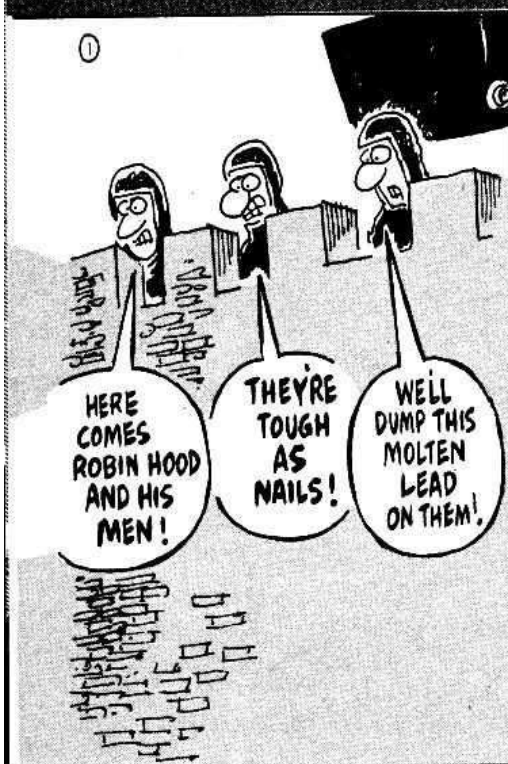
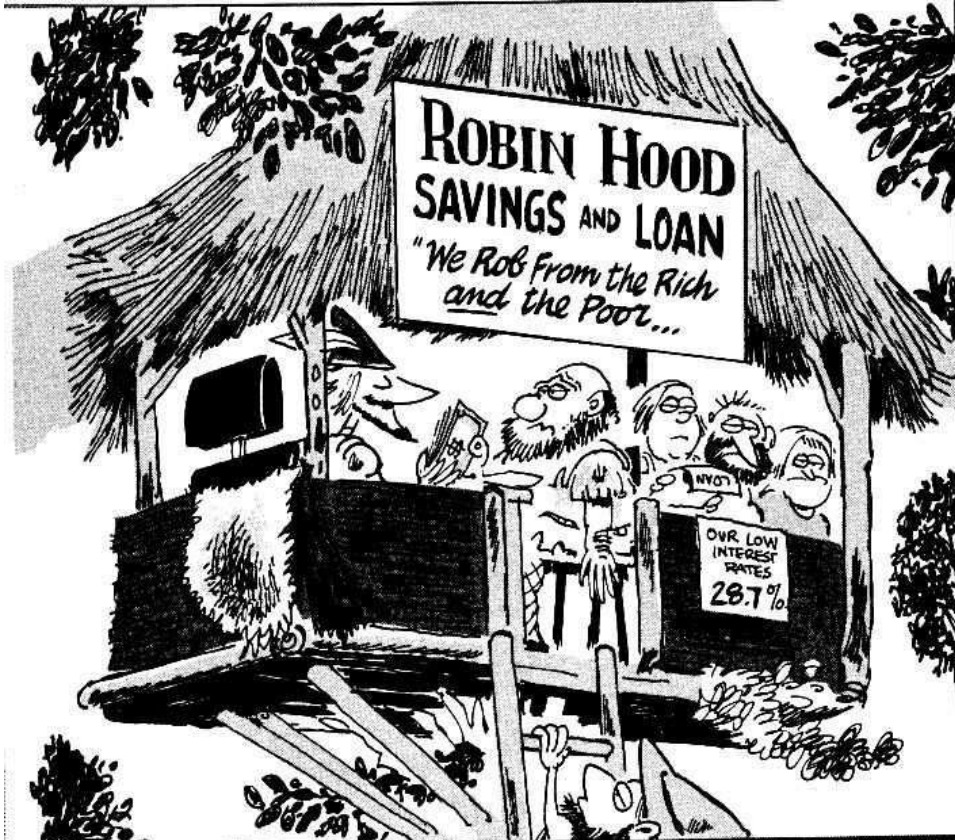


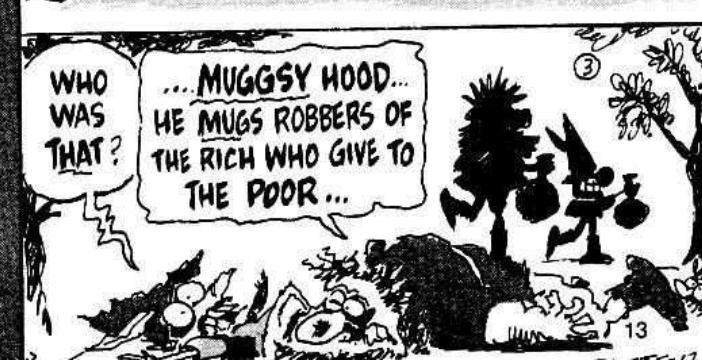
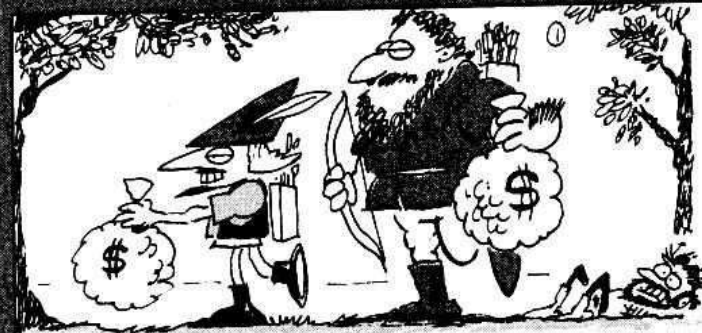
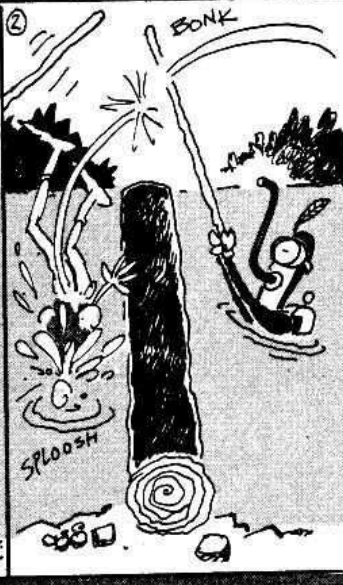
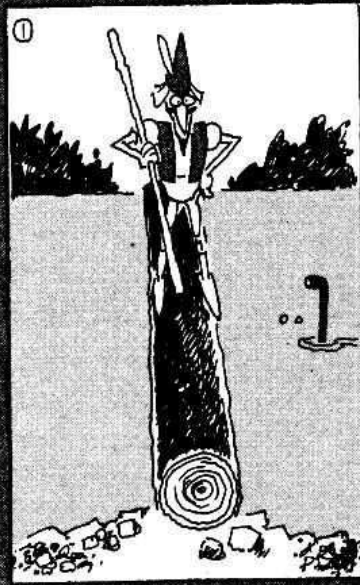
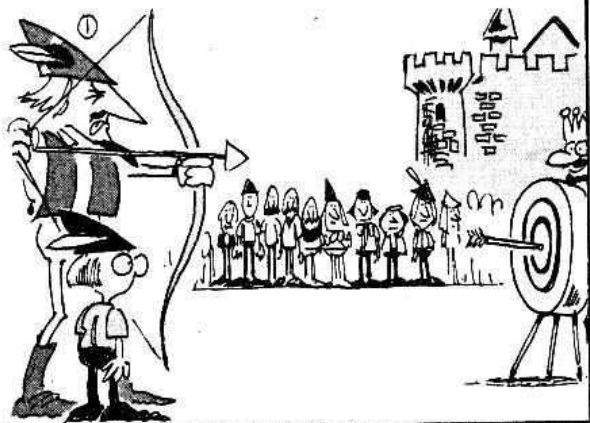
I understand, my sons. Rats, too, get lonely. In this cage I have a maiden rat. We'll give her the Ooze treatment, too. Then we'll party, dudes!

COWABUNGA, MASTER, COWABUNGA!!

THE END

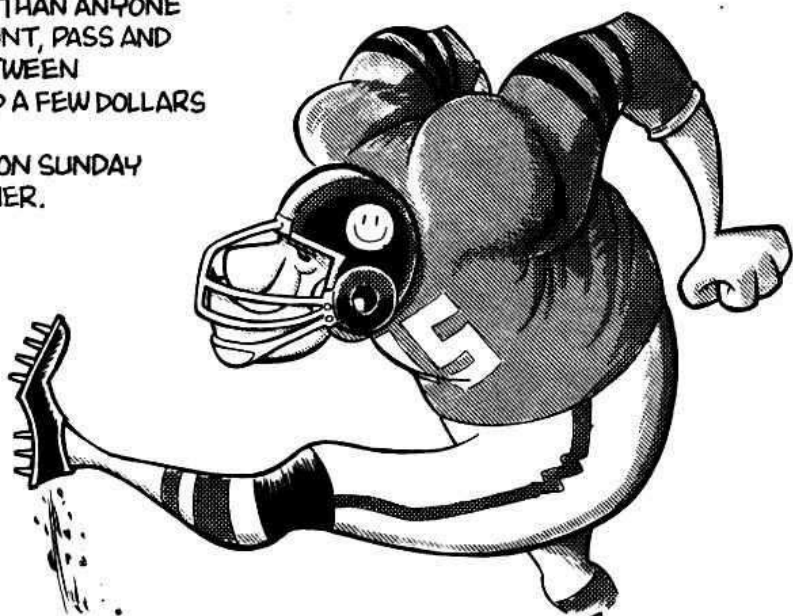




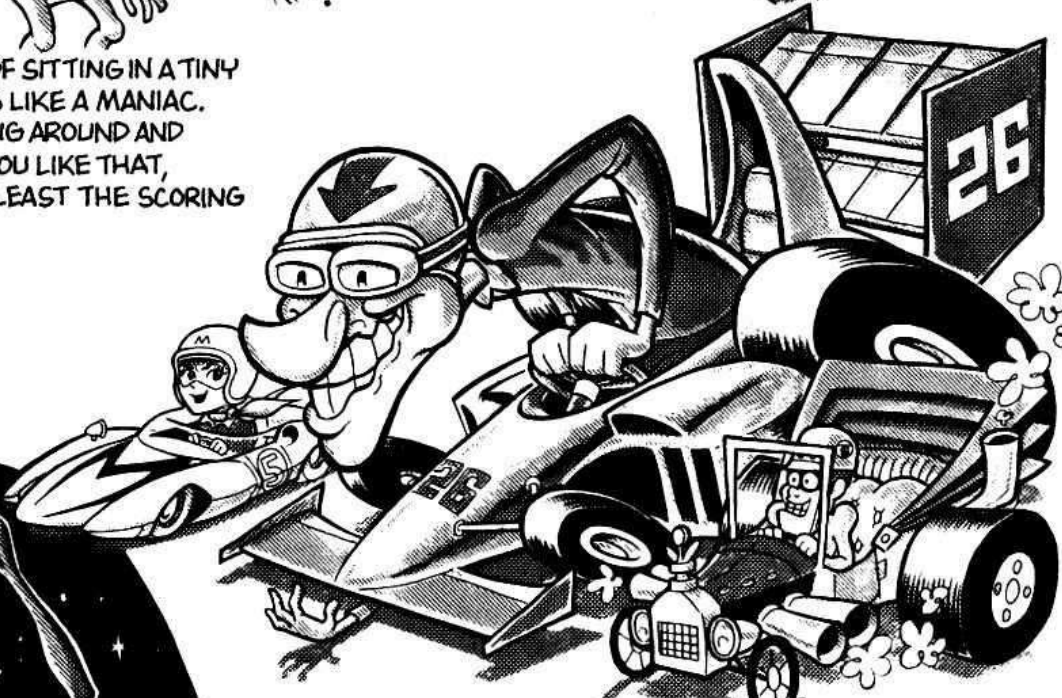
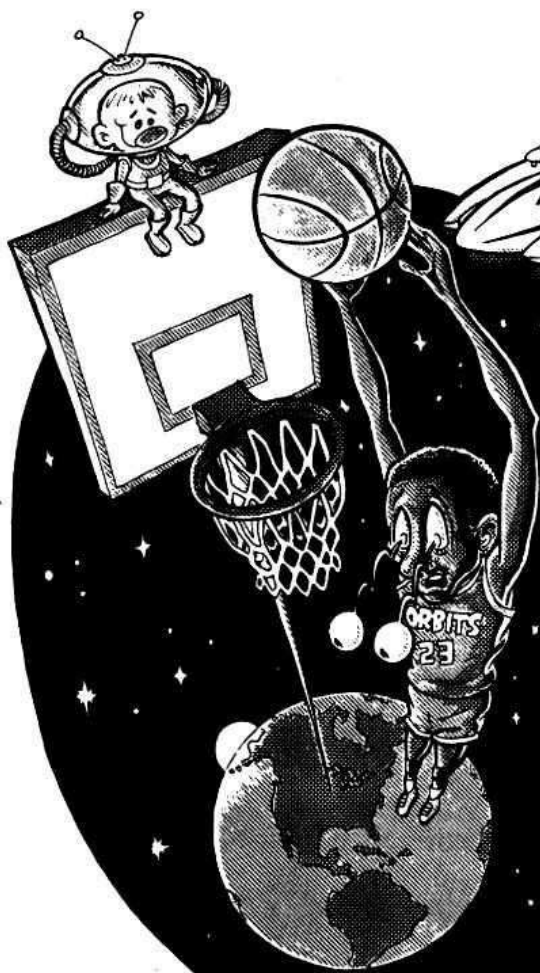


FOOTBALL: THE GAME HAS MORE TERMINOLOGY THAN ANYONE CAN REMEMBER. THE BIG STUFF IS TOUCHDOWN, PUNT, PASS AND POINT SPREAD. THERE'S NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE BETWEEN COLLEGE AND PRO BALL EXCEPT THE PROS GET PAID A FEW DOLLARS LESS.

THE GAME WAS INVENTED SO FOLKS COULD VISIT ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON AND NEVER HAVE TO TALK TO EACH OTHER.



AUTO RACING: IMAGINE THE JOY OF SITTING IN A TINY CAR AND DRIVING AROUND IN CIRCLES LIKE A MANIAC. THEN PICTURE THE THRILL OF SITTING AROUND AND WATCHING OTHER PEOPLE DO IT. IF YOU LIKE THAT, YOU'LL LOVE A GOOD LANDSLIDE. AT LEAST THE SCORING IS SIMPLE.



BASKETBALL: YOU CAN ROOT FOR THE "LITTLE GUY"; THAT'S ANYONE UNDER 6-FOOT-8. THE GAME IS VERY POPULAR WITH MOVIE STARS AND BANKERS... GO FIGURE. THE GAME'S ONLY STRATEGY IS TO JUMP HIGH.



YOUR
NAME HERE
PHONE 555-LUNA

WRESTLING: SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE THE SPORT IS FOR REAL. THAT'S SCARIER THAN ANYTHING STEPHEN KING EVER WROTE. AT LEAST WRESTLERS HAVE GREAT NICKNAMES. WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE KNOWN AS GENE "THE MEAN ACCOUNTING MACHINE"?

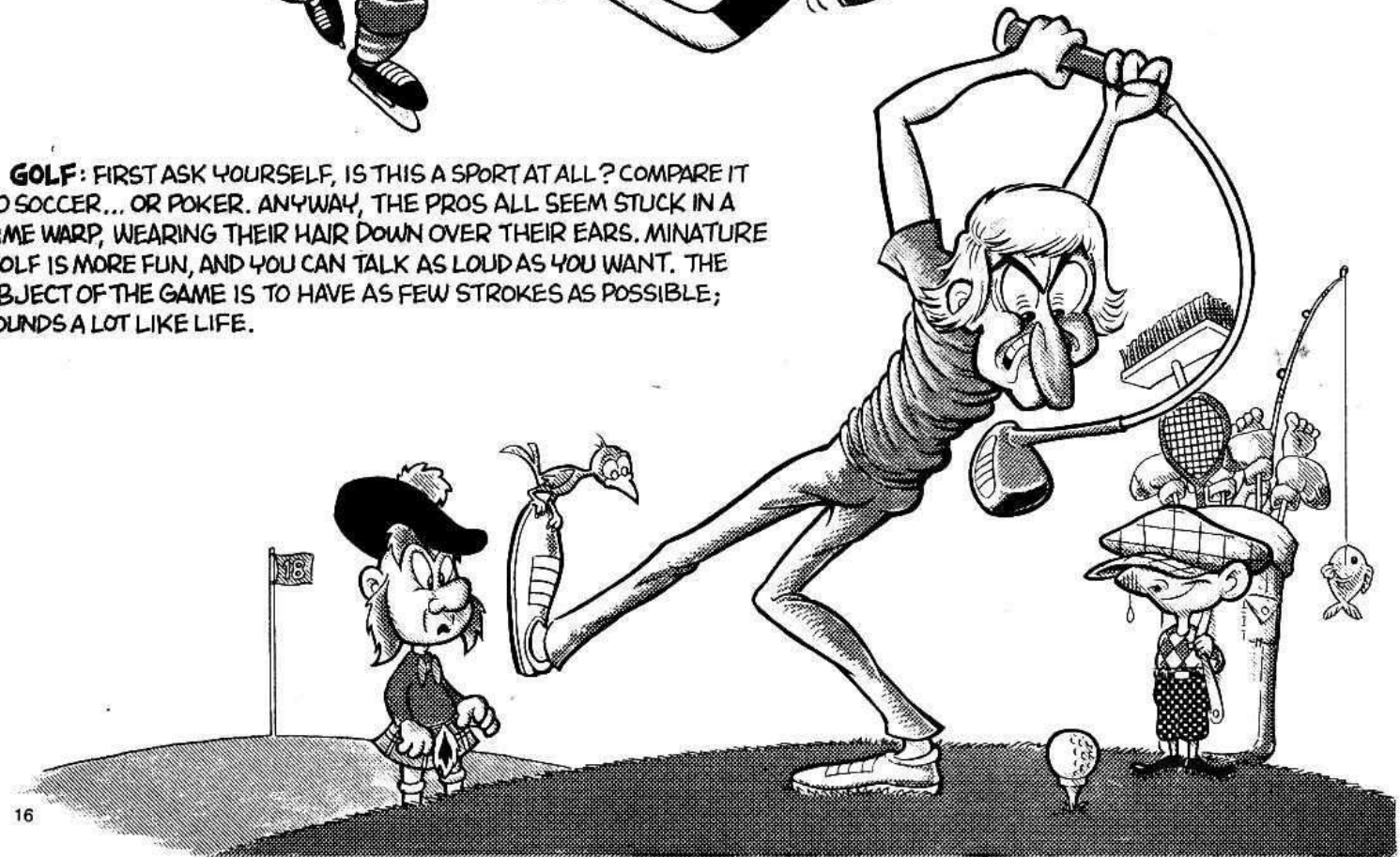
OUTTA MY WAY!!!



HOCKEY: ICE SKATING IS ABOUT AS NATURAL AS WALKING ON YOUR ELBOWS. THE PLAYERS' NAMES ARE HARD TO PRONOUNCE AND THE GAME WOULDN'T BE MUCH DIFFERENT IF THEY FORGOT THE PUCK. THERE ARE NO RULES WORTH KNOWING.

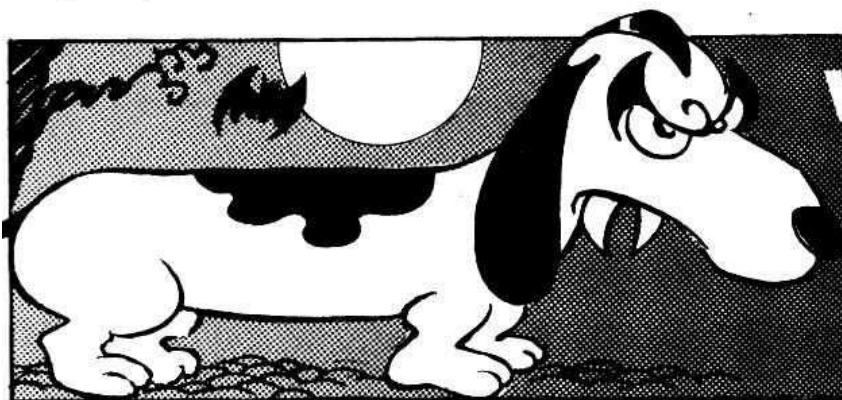


GOLF: FIRST ASK YOURSELF, IS THIS A SPORT AT ALL? COMPARE IT TO SOCCER... OR POKER. ANYWAY, THE PROS ALL SEEM STUCK IN A TIME WARP, WEARING THEIR HAIR DOWN OVER THEIR EARS. MINATURE GOLF IS MORE FUN, AND YOU CAN TALK AS LOUD AS YOU WANT. THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO HAVE AS FEW STROKES AS POSSIBLE; SOUNDS A LOT LIKE LIFE.



Now that the President's dog Millie has written her memoirs, we can expect more doggy doggerel to appear in print, such as this copy of the...

WRITER: GEORGE GLADIR
ARTIST: VIC MARTIN



VAMPIRE DACHSHUND

BITES DOGS IN ANKLES

Fellow Dogs Dread The Day This Transylvanian Terror Learns How To Maneuver On Stilts

NATIONAL POOCH PRESS & TABBY TATTTLER

PRICE: 3 BONES OR 1 1/2 CANS OF ALPO

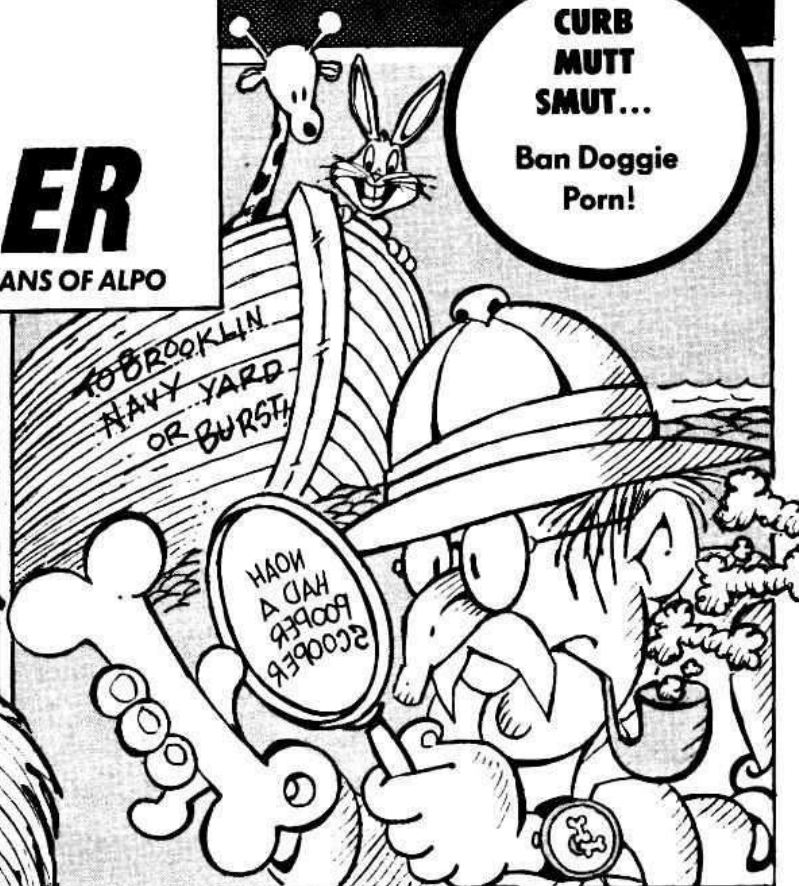
HULK HOUND, EX-JUNKYARD DOG, MAKES IT BIG AS PRO WRESTLER

HUMAN OPPONENTS REFUSE TO TANGLE WITH THIS HAIRY GRAPPLER UNLESS HE OFFERS PROOF OF RABIES SHOTS



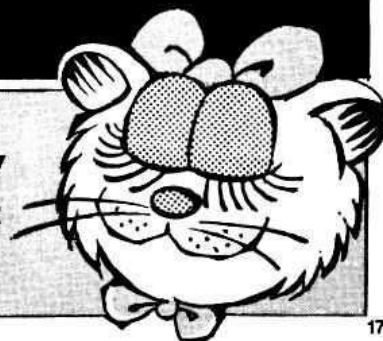
GARFIELD'S LIVE-IN DEMANDS PET PALIMONY CLAIMS HER PLAYBOY TABBY BOYFRIEND IS NOT A TWO-TIMER ...HE'S A TEN-TIMER

**CURB
MUTT
SMUT...**
Ban Doggie
Porn!



ARCHEOLOGICAL FIND OF THE CENTURY

UNCOVER BONE BELONGING TO
NOAH'S PET POOCH
ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY OF NOAH'S ARK
NEARBY PROVES BONE'S AUTHENTICITY



PERVERSE PET OWNERS SEEK DESCENDANTS OF HITLER'S HOUND



THE POOCH PRESS REVEALS HOW PET OWNERS CAN TELL IF THEIR DOG IS ONE OF THE MANY OFFSPRING OF HITLER'S FAMOUS GERMAN SHEPHERD, BLONDI...

- WHEN OLD WORLD WAR II MOVIES SHOW UP ON TV HE ROOTS FOR THE WRONG SIDE
- HE WAGS HIS TAIL VIGOROUSLY WHEN "DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES" OR "THE HORST WESSEL SONG" IS PLAYED
- HE RAISES HIS RIGHT PAW AT THE SIGHT OF A SWASTIKA
- HE TAKES SPECIAL DELIGHT IN CHEWING UP BOOKS WRITTEN BY NON-ARYANS
- HE'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH MONGRELS (NON-PUREBREDS) UNLESS, OF COURSE, THEY'RE IN HEAT

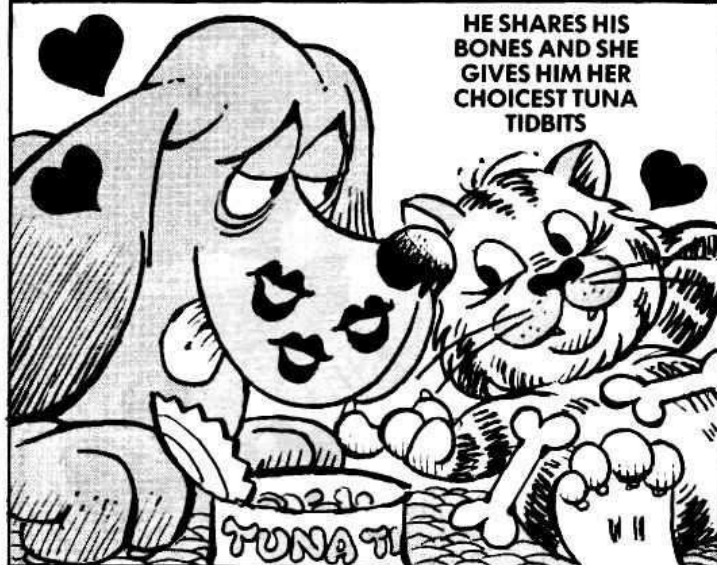
CAGEY DOBERMAN SAVES HIS MASTER HUNDRED\$ IN LATE DELIVERY REBATES



BY PREVENTING DOMINO PIZZA FROM MAKING ITS DELIVERIES WITHIN THE ALLOTTED HALF-HOUR PERIOD, PETE, A WILY DOBERMAN FORCES THE DELIVERER TO DEDUCT THREE DOLLARS FROM THE COST OF EACH ORDER

OUT OF ONE HUNDRED DELIVERIES TO PETE'S HOUSE, ONLY ONE DOMINO MAN MANAGED TO MAKE IT UNDER 30 MINUTES... AND HE HAD TO COME DISGUISED AS A FEMALE DOBERMAN

BIZARRE LOVE AFFAIR THE TALK OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD



THE FEMME FATALE FELINE REVEALED THE REASON FOR HER ATTRACTION TO HER BLOODHOUND BOYFRIEND WITH THESE WORDS... "I KNEW THIS GENTLE BOWWOW WAS FOR ME WHEN HE EVEN REFUSED TO BARK AT THE MAILMAN."



DOG STRIKE TO BE CALLED IN LOS ANGELES THIS WEEKEND

CANINES IN THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES HAVE BEEN URGED TO REMAIN IN THEIR DOGHOUSES ALL DAY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

THE GESTURE IS SEEN AS A PROTEST AGAINST THE RECENT RAISE ACCORDED LOCAL DOGCATCHERS

HOW TO HELP STRESSED-OUT PET OWNERS COPE WITH LIFE

POOCH PRESS & TABBY TATTLER ENCOURAGES ITS CANINE AND FELINE READERS TO FOLLOW THESE HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS:



- CHASE AWAY ALL BILL-COLLECTORS AND ALIMONY-DEMANDING EX-SPOUSES.
- SHARE YOUR FAVORITE CHAIR OR COUCH WITH YOUR MASTER OR MISTRESS.
- ALLOW YOUR MASTER OR MISTRESS TO EAT IN PEACE, WITHOUT BEGGING, UNLESS, OF COURSE, HE OR SHE IS EATING ONE OF THE 101 TREATS YOU ESPECIALLY RELISH.
- IF YOU ACCIDENTALLY SHRED A NEWSPAPER THAT YOU ARE FETCHING, DISCARD IT AND IMMEDIATELY GO GET YOUR NEIGHBOR'S CLEAN COPY.

WORLD'S FATTEST CAT

CHESHIRE'S FAT-LOVING MISTRESS FORCES HIM TO EAT THIRTY CANS OF TUNA DAILY



HIS HEFTY WEIGHT PREVENTS CHESHIRE FROM RUNNING AWAY FROM ATTACKERS. TO FRIGHTEN OFF PURSUERS, HE IS FORCED TO RELY ON HIS POWERFULLY EXPLOSIVE BURPS.

DOGGY



HOROSCOPES
by COUNTESS BEA GULL



ARIES

DIRE MISFORTUNE AWAITS YOU. YOU ARE GOING TO CHASE A SIXTEEN-WHEELER...AND YOU ARE GOING TO CATCH IT.

TAURUS

THE ROAD TO ROMANCE WILL BE A ROCKY ONE. THE CUTE POODLE WHO'S CAPTURED YOUR DOGGY HEART HAS ALSO CAUGHT THE FANCY OF A DOBERMAN AND TWO PITBULL TERRIERS.

GEMINI

BE PATIENT WITH YOUR MASTER'S STUPID DOGGY JOKES LIKE THE ONE ABOUT SCIENTISTS PREFERRING LABORATORY RETRIEVERS.

CANCER

A SURPRISE WINDFALL IS AROUND THE CORNER. YOUR FORGETFUL MASTER WILL NEGLECT TO CLOSE THE FRIDGE DOOR.

LEO

KEEP A LOW PROFILE IN THE DAYS AHEAD. THERE'S A BLACK AND WHITE FURRY CREATURE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD THAT COULD STINK UP YOUR SOCIAL LIFE.

SPEND YOUR GOLDEN YEARS AT
CASA DE BOWWOW
RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS BEST



NOWHERE ELSE WILL YOU FIND THESE WELCOME FEATURES...

- INDIVIDUAL, ROOMY AIR-CONDITIONED DOG CABINS
- FREEDOM FROM THE ANNOYING WHIMPER OF PUPPIES
- EXPERT FLEA-KILLING NURSES IN CONSTANT ATTENDANCE
- WEEKLY DOG SHOWS FEATURING EXOTIC FRENCH POODLES

AFTER YOU'VE GIVEN YOUR MASTER THE BEST BARKS OF YOUR LIFE, YOU DESERVE THE BEST!



• MOBILE HYDRANTS THAT COME TO YOU

• TO RESTORE YOUR ZEST FOR LIFE, A SLOW-FOOTED MAILMAN MAKES A WEEKLY APPEARANCE

DON'T DOG IT!
UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU!



for the US ARMY K-9 CORPS

- EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY... ESPECIALLY IF HE SERVES IN THE DOGFACE DIVISION
- PROMOTIONS COME FAST! IN JUST TWO WEEKS, YOU CAN MAKE P.F.C. (POOCH FIRST CLASS)
- RETIRE IN SEVEN SHORT YEARS WHILE YOU'RE STILL YOUNG ENOUGH TO BURY THE BONES YOUR FAT ARMY PENSION WILL PROVIDE FOR YOU

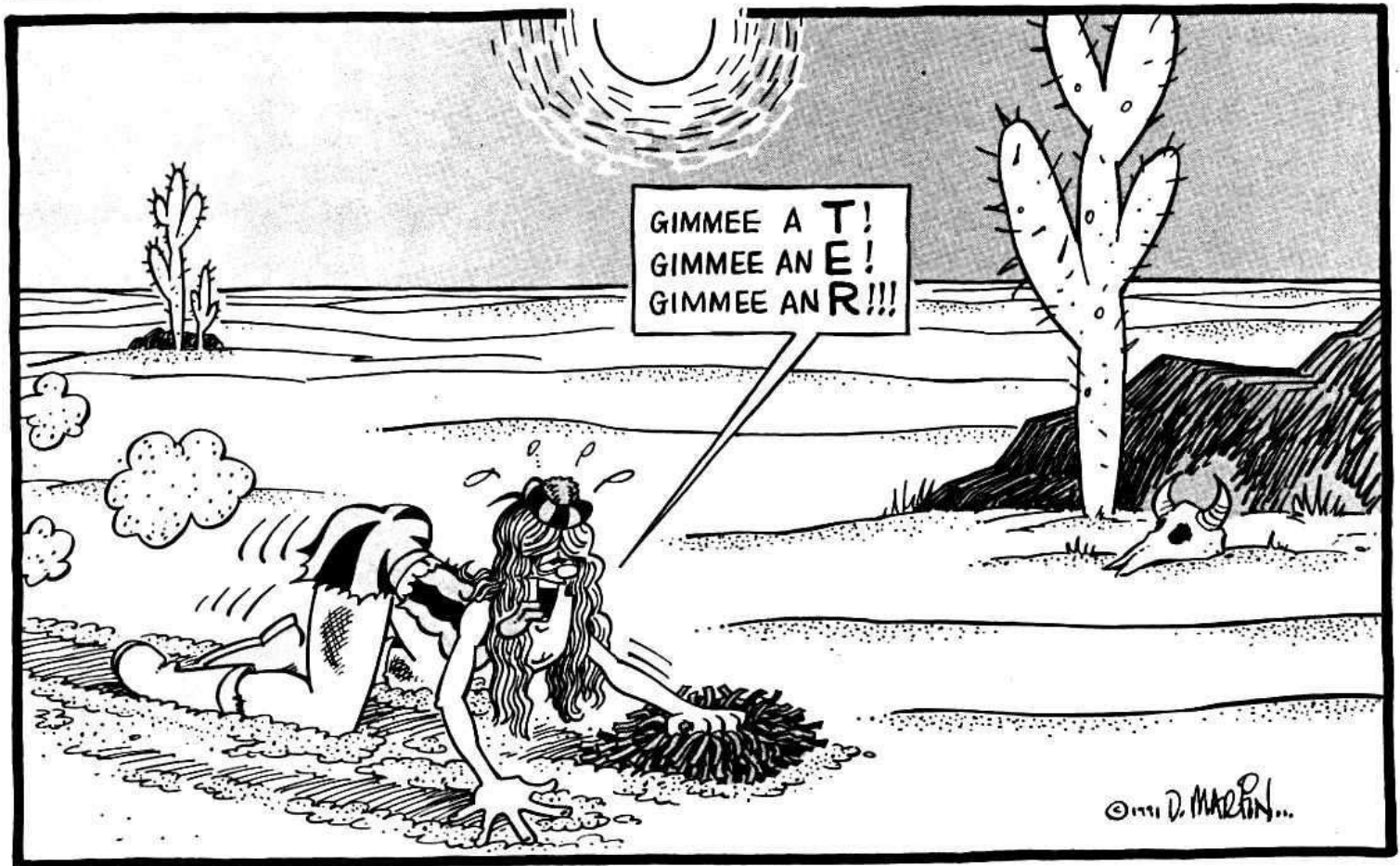
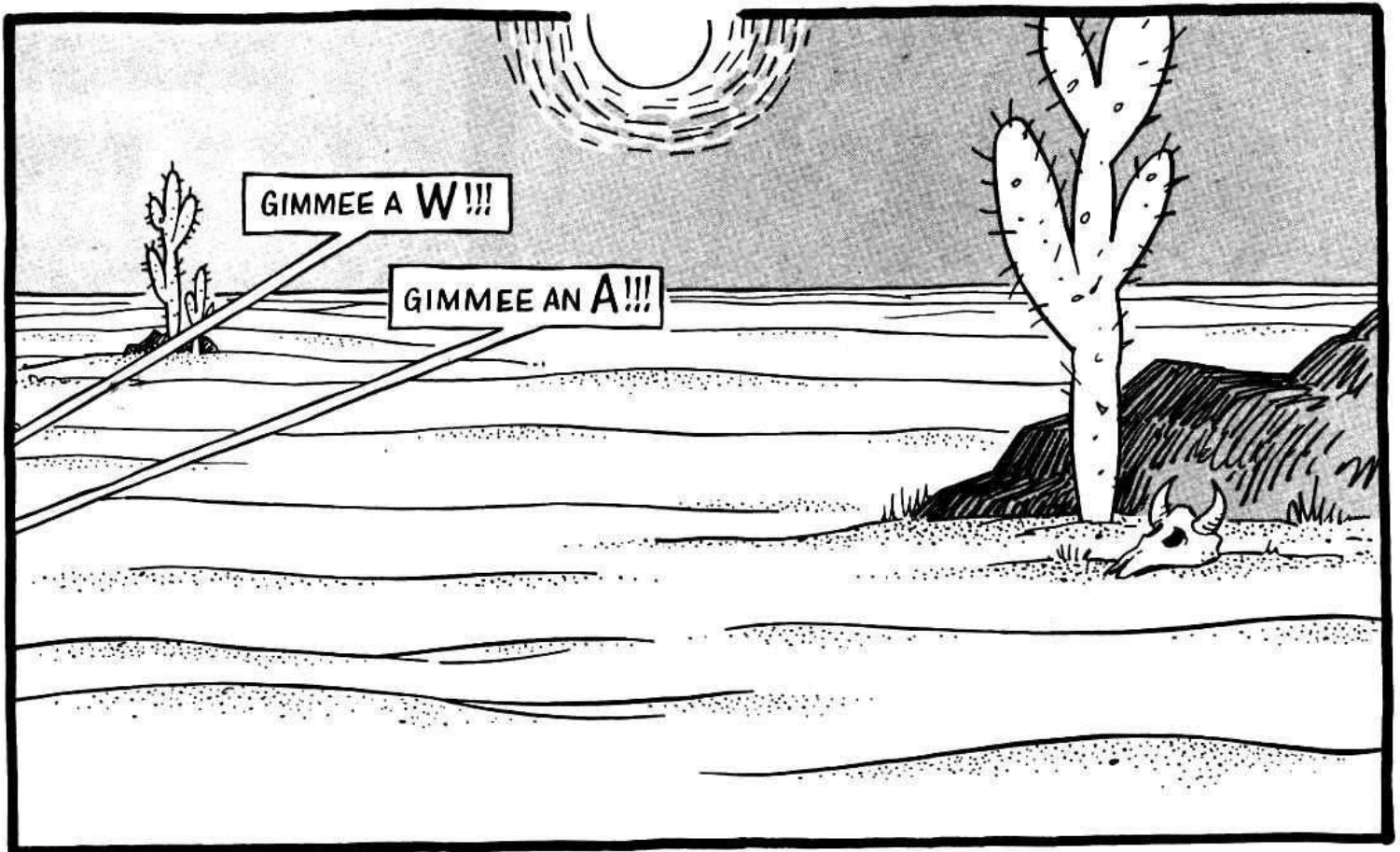


Vic MARTIN

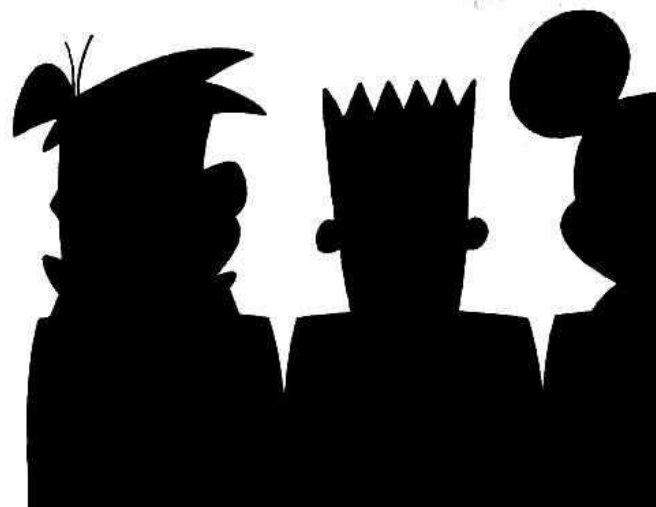
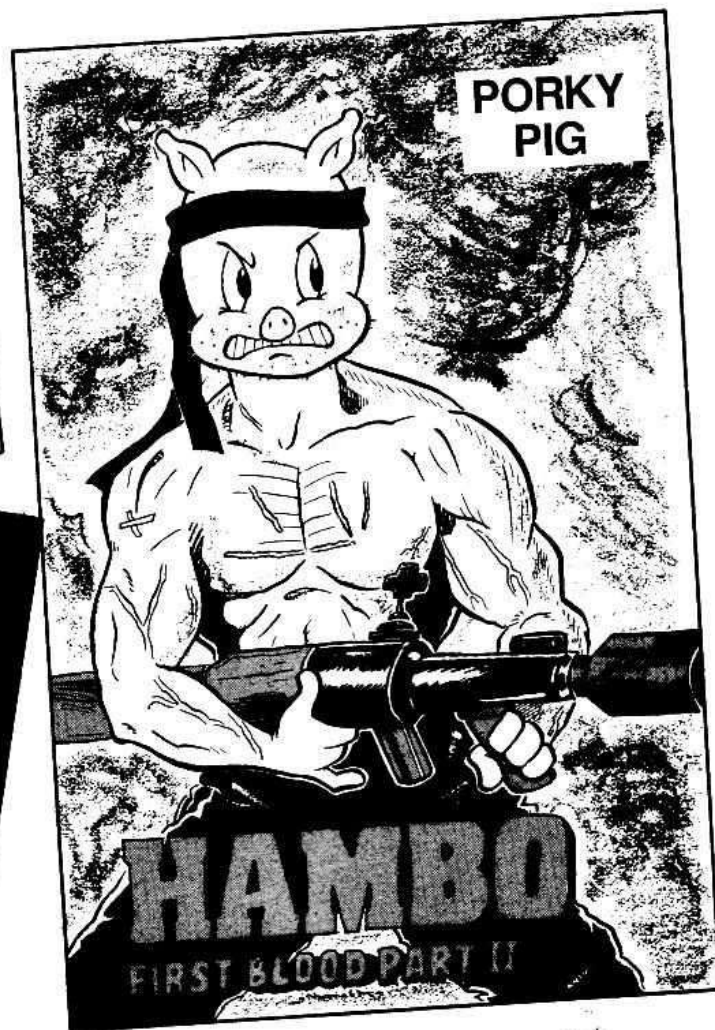
FREE TUITION

OFF-DUTY COURSES ENABLE YOU TO EARN AN OBEDIENCE SCHOOL DIPLOMA WHILE STILL IN THE SERVICE

• A K-9 CORPSMAN NEVER BITES OFF MORE THAN HE CAN CHEW!



© 1991 D. MARTIN...



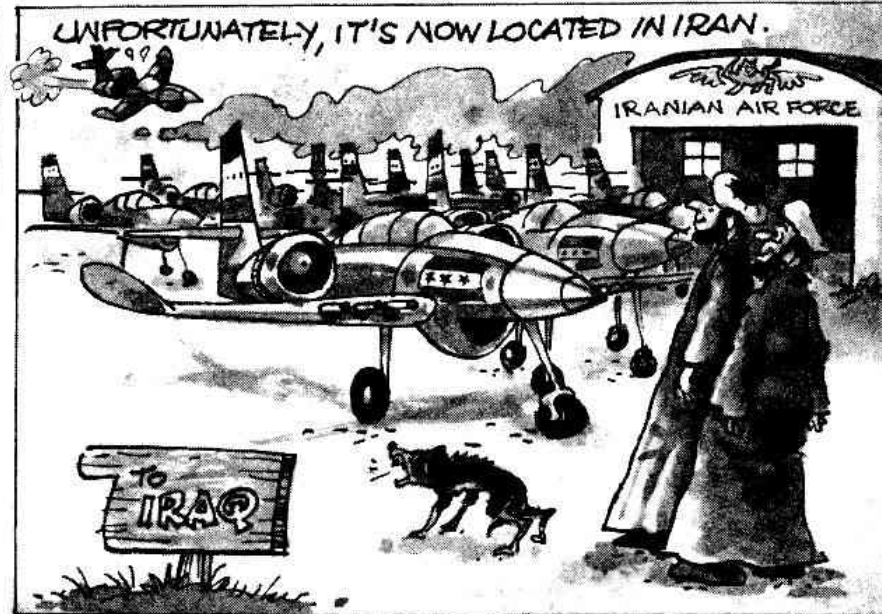
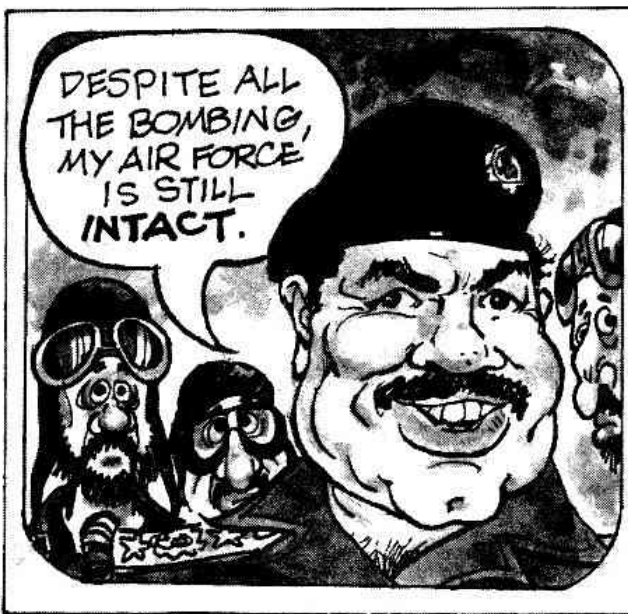
TOWN VIE TERS

WRITER ARTIST: GARY FIELDS



© 91 GARY FIELDS

WHAT SADDAM SAID ON TV... and



WHAT HE SAID OFF CAMERA

THE IRAQI PEOPLE LOVE ME. DESPITE WHAT THE INFIDEL PRESS SAYS, THERE HAS NEVER BEEN AN ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE.



HOW COULD THERE BE? I'M ALWAYS SURROUNDED BY 15,000 BODY GUARDS
I'M SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE.



IRAQI TANKS ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.



GOING IN REVERSE



MY ELITE REPUBLICAN GUARD ARE THE BRAVEST SOLDIERS IN HISTORY.



WHEN IT COMES TO FIGHTING UNARMED CIVILIANS.



STORMIN' NORMAN

(to the tune of FRERE JACQUES)

WRITER: RONNIE NATHAN

ARTIST: RURIK TYLER





Stormin' Norman, Stormin' Norman
In command, In command
You're the man who trains men
Socked it to Hussein's men

Here's To You
Cheers to you.

Stormin' Norman, Stormin' Norman
In the sand, In the sand
You showed Uncle Sam's men
How to junk Saddam's men

Round by round
On the ground.

Stormin' Norman, Stormin' Norman
In the dust, In the dust
You knew how to fight it
Made Hussein's men bite it

One, two, three
Victory.

Stormin' Norman, Stormin' Norman
In the heat, In the heat



You turned the Elite Guard
Into an effete Guard

Oh, so sad
For Bagdad.

Stormin' Norman, Stormin' Norman
In the Gulf, In the Gulf
When you freed Kuwait you
Got Hussein to hate you
We congratulate you

Made our day
Shout Hooray
Hooray
Hooray
Hooray
HOORAY

HOORAY
FOR
NORM
STORMIN' NORM,
HOORAY!



SPIES AND SABOTEURS

HIT

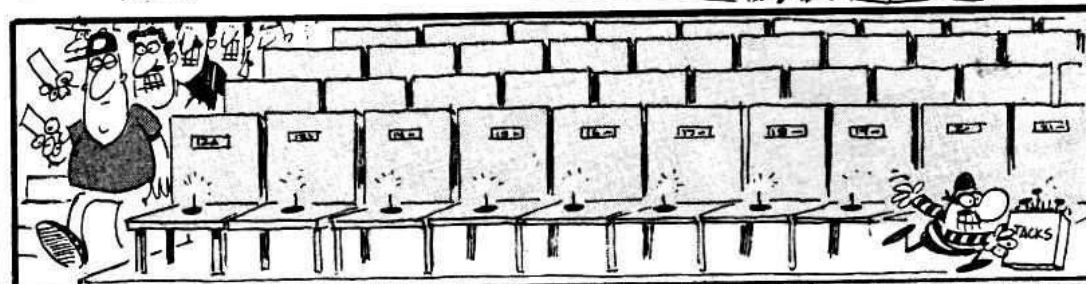
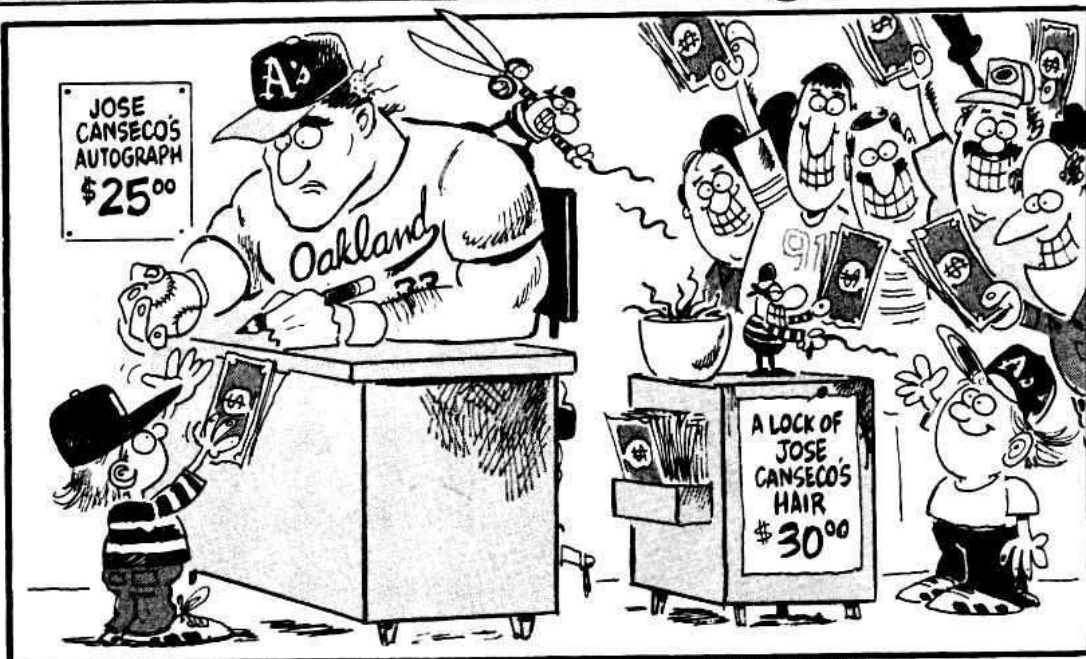
Baseball

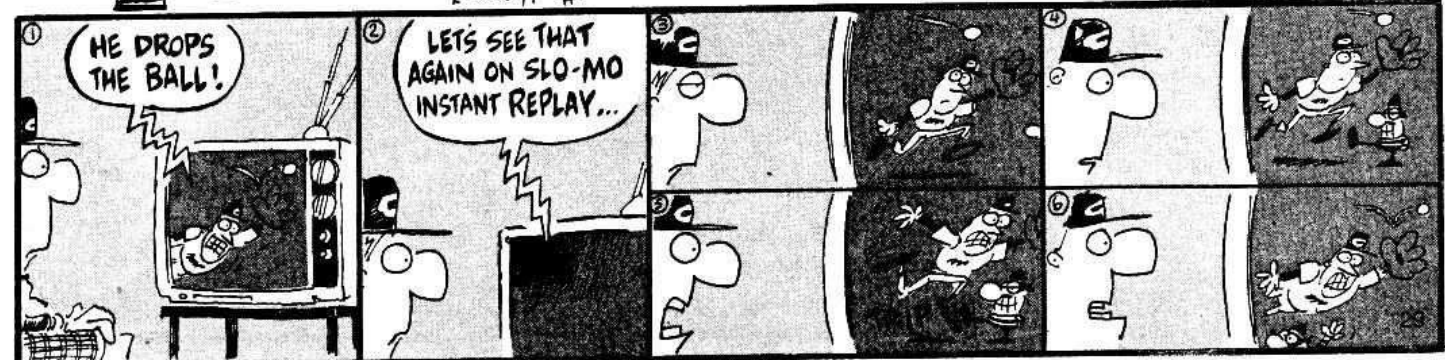
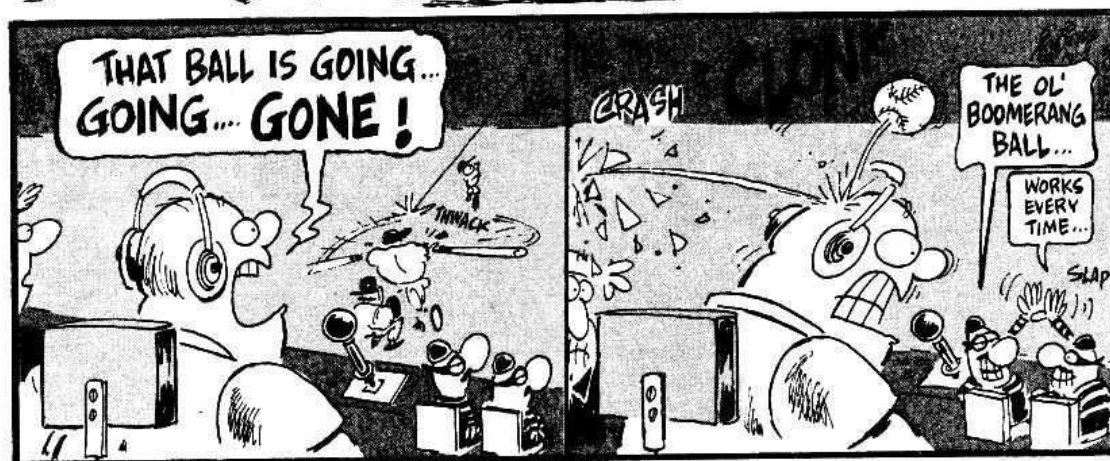
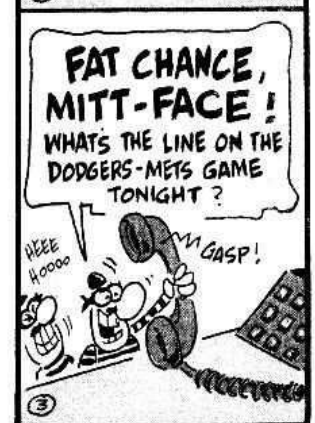
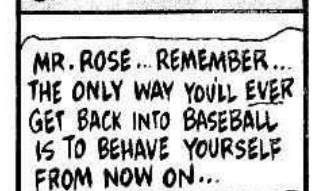
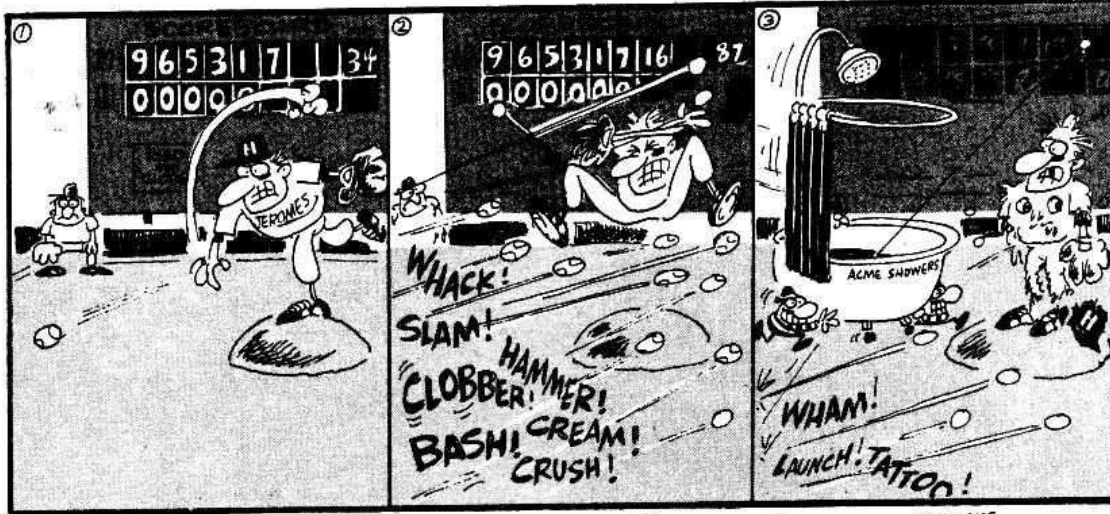
SPY

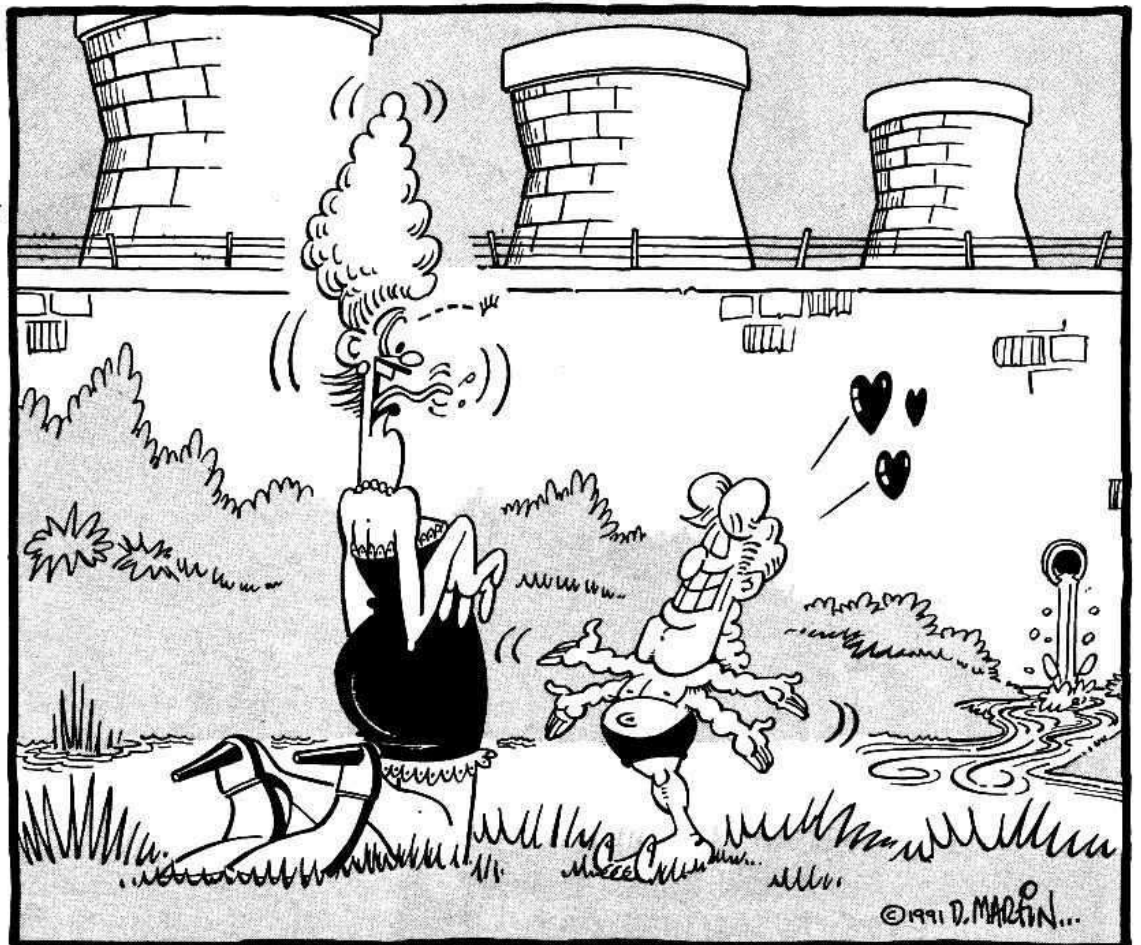
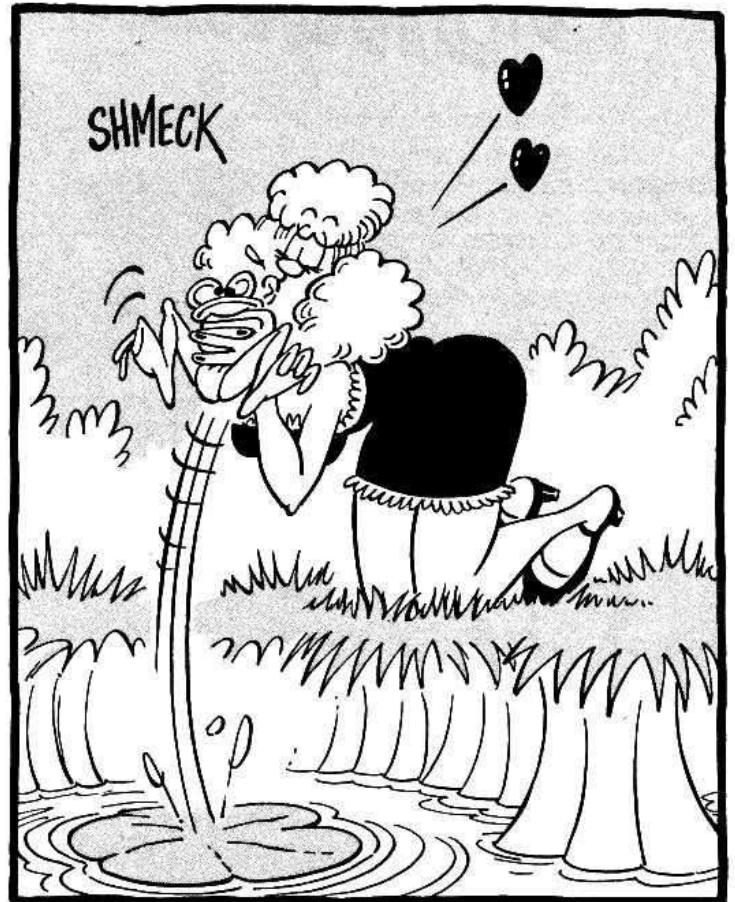
RUEGER

HIT

A large, stylized illustration of the word "Baseball" in a bubbly, 3D font. A baseball bat is shown hitting the letter "b", with a large "HIT" sound effect above it. A baseball player is running in the background, and a baseball is in the foreground.







WHAT IS A

BUMMER SUMMER

SIGH!

YUK!

VACATION?

...WHEN YOU GO TO THE BEACH AND ARE NOT ALLOWED TO GET WET BECAUSE THE WATER IS POLLUTED!

BEACH CLOSED
NO SWIMMING
(NOT EVEN WADING!)
ALLOWED

GASP!

...WHEN YOUR FATHER STAYS HOME FOR **THREE SOLID WEEKS** TRYING TO BE YOUR PAL ...

HEY, DUDE!
WHAT'LL WE DO
TODAY?

HOW ABOUT
GETTING LOST!

...WHEN THERE IS MORE SAND IN YOUR SANDWICH THAN YOU HAVE IN YOUR SHOES!

NOW I KNOW WHY
IT'S CALLED A SANDWICH!

KRICH!

GRITCH

TITCH

KRITCH

...WHEN THE VACATION SPOT THAT SOUNDED SO GOOD TURNS OUT TO BE THREE RUNGS BELOW THE **BATES MOTEL!**

THIS
IS IT?

FOR
RENT

...WHEN THE **ONLY** TIME THE FAMOUS JOCK WHO OWNS THE CAMP SHOWS UP IS ...

HONDY
FOLKS!

Welcome to
**SCUDBALL BILLY'S
BASEBALL CAMP**

WHO'S
HE?

BEATS
ME!

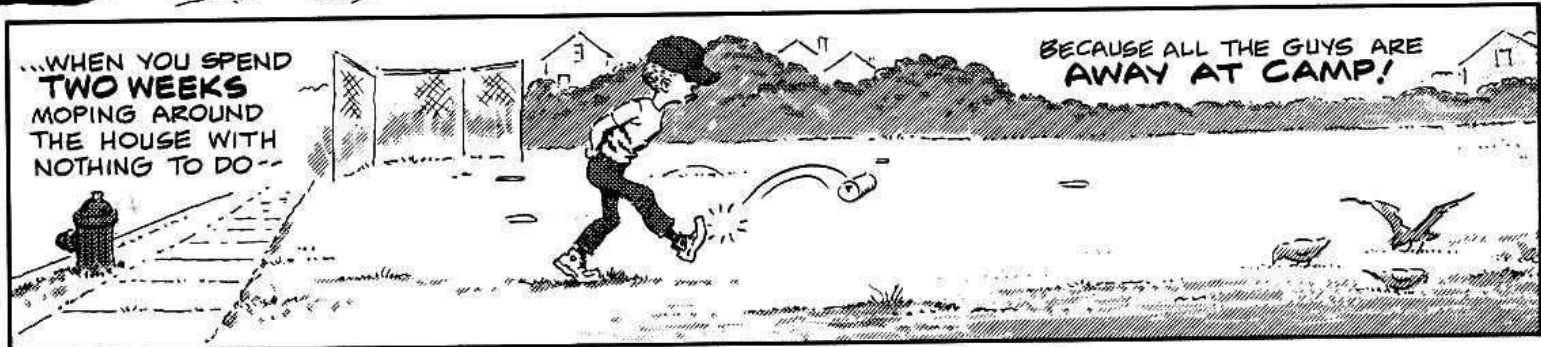
...ON **PARENTS VISITING DAY!**

...WHEN YOU DISCOVER THE SHRUBBERY AROUND YOUR RENTED SUMMER COTTAGE ...

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING, DEAR?

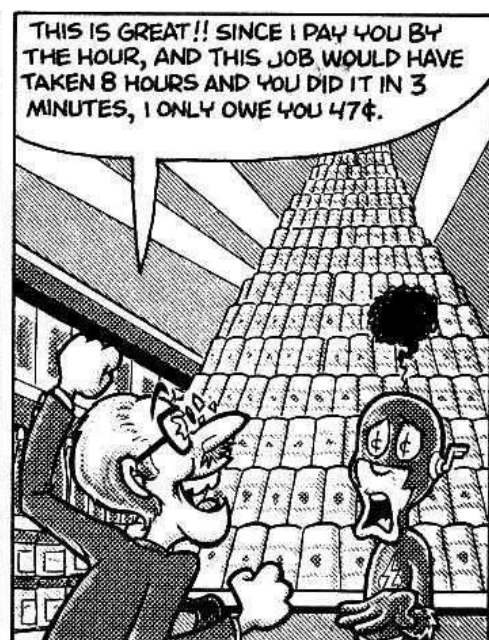
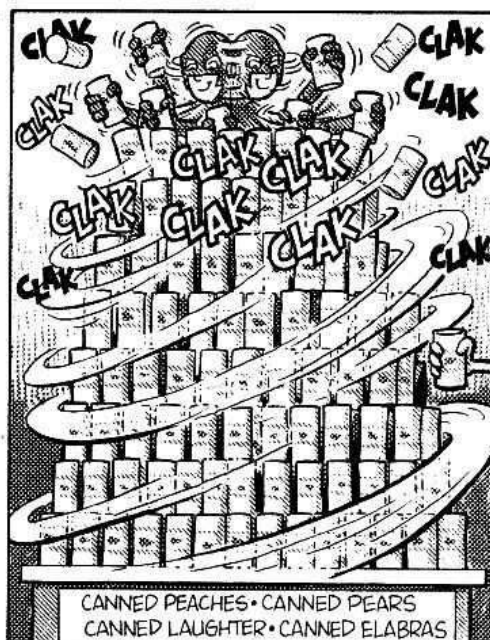
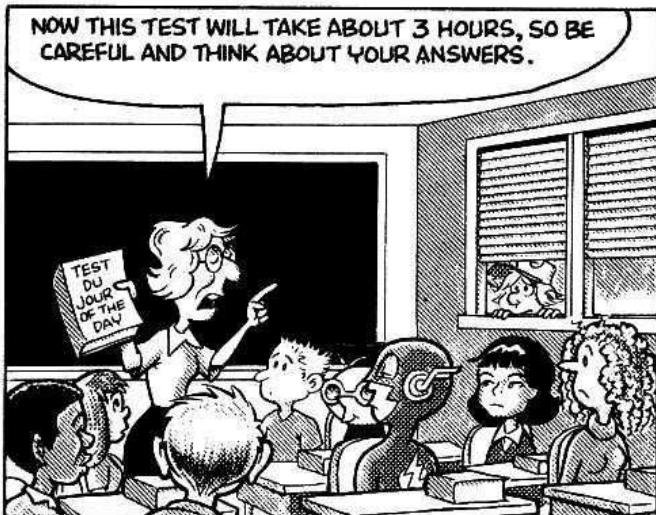
PICKING
WILD FLOWERS!

...IS **POISON IVY!**



IF YOU HAD THE FLASH'S POWER

LETHARGICALLY LAMPOONED BY: **PETE FITZGERALD** (9)



GOIN' BOWLING

I HEAR THERE'S GOING TO BE A SCOUT AT THE ALLEY TONIGHT!

NO, FROM THE CHIROPRACTIC ASSOCIATION!

THAT TROPHY REPRESENTS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT FOR THE PAST ELEVEN YEARS.

FROM BOWLING FOR DOLLARS?

WOT'S WITH THE FLOWERS, FLO?

EVER THINK ABOUT PLAYING BASKETBALL, EUGENE?

BOB'S BECOME DISGUSTED WITH HIS GAME... HIS BOWLING BALL WILL COME IN HANDY FOR A VASE.

MY FIRST JOB WAS A PIN BOY IN A BOWLING ALLEY...

RACK BOWL WOMEN'S LEAGUE

YOU MEAN THEY DIDN'T HAVE AUTOMATIC PIN SETTERS? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THAT OLD!

I SEE YOU SNUCK OUT ON THE WIFE AGAIN BY HIDING YOUR BOWLING BALL!

HEY, KELLY, AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE ON YOUR HONEYMOON?

YEAH, BUT I WOULDN'T MISS MY BOWLING NIGHT FOR ANYTHING!

DO IT YOURSELF BOWLING

BOWLING BALL ON BOARD

JUST MARRIED

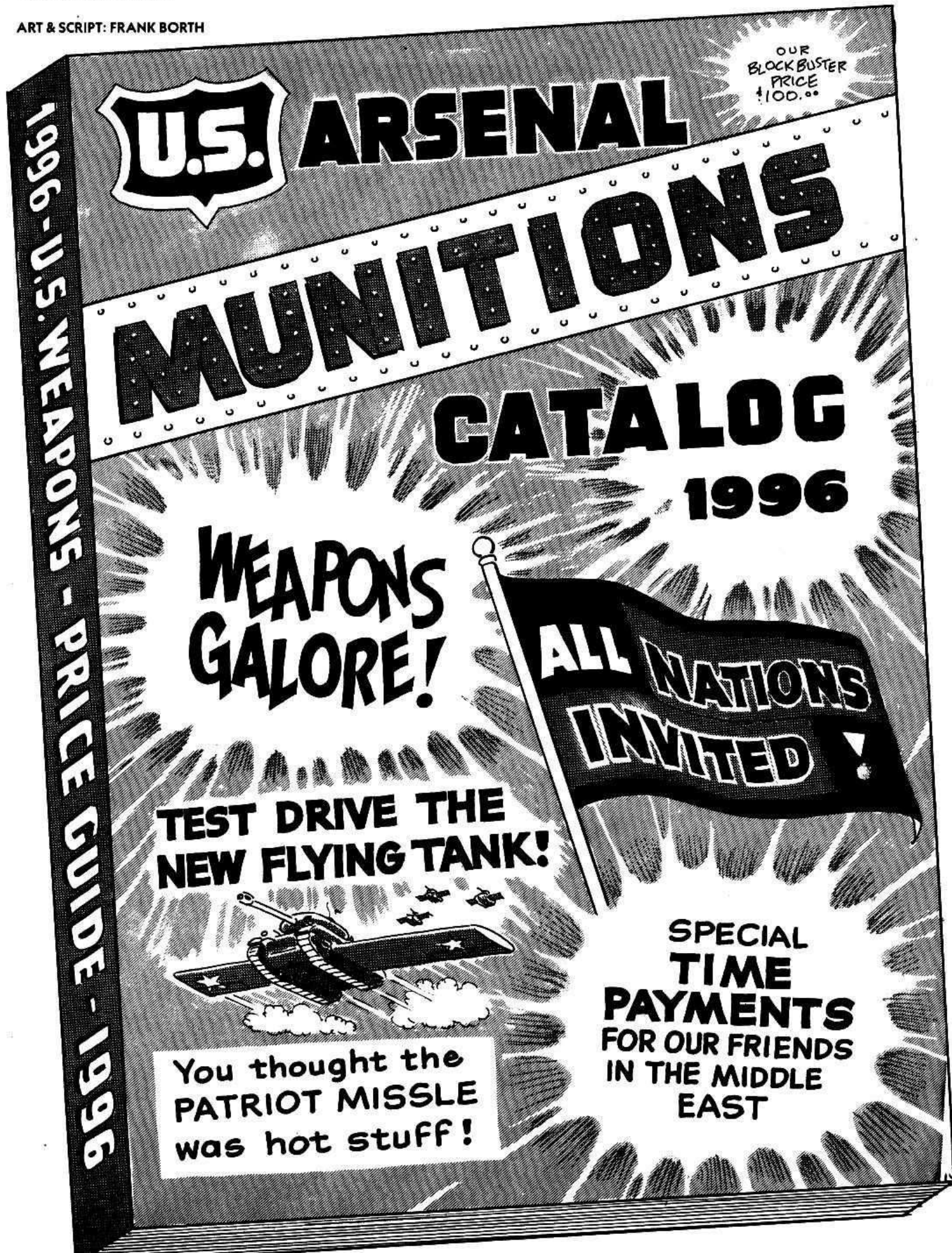
WARNING: I BRAKE FOR BOWLING ALLEYS

NEW YORK BOWLING NOT



Ever hear how the Japanese bought all our scrap metal before Pearl Harbor and then "returned" it to us? Once again, History defeats itself!

ART & SCRIPT: FRANK BORTH



SLAMMING THE doors

Listen, dear children, while we re-run
The movie about Jim Morrison.

Lend us an ear and we will steer you
Away from THE DOORS (now playing
near you).

Two and a half long hours of depression.
Another Oliver Stone obsession.

Now that he's numbed us
with Wall Street and Wars.
He's hoping to knock us down
with THE DOORS.



Here's how it opens, for heaven's sake:
Morrison's quoting from William Blake.

Jim, too, is a poet, or so he thinks.
He's also a drinker of endless drinks...

A tripper on acid, smoker of pot,
A bundle of joy, folks, this boy is not.

Self-destructs any way he can do it,
Wanna pay seven bucks to sit through it?

Jim sees himself as a tribal Shaman.
(Medicine Man to you, dear layman).

Invites his friends to the desert one night,
Where he conducts heap big Indian rite.

Chants incantations, raspingly throaty
(Probably due to too much peyote.)

Party's a bit less than outdoor sports,
Guests are scared witless as host exhorts:

"Kiss the snake, Kiss the snake
Don't have any fear
See that snake, seven feet long
Kiss it NOW, It's HERE."

Reptiles don't make it, Shaman's a flop,
Jim and three pals agree to try pop.

"Light My Fire"
composed by Rob Krieger.
Turns the group into a Big Leaguer.

THE DOORS are solid.
they open and close,
Touring the cities and selling out shows.

Jim sings his own lyrics,
fans find them deep;
Frankly, my dears, they put us to sleep.

Jim has a girl he likes to impress,
Telling the story of his excess.

Tells her how he enjoys every pain,
Tries every drug
that broadens the brain.

Tells her he needs to know every thrill,
Burns with desire to savor a kill.

Tells her he yearns to feel every high,
Most of all: what it feels like to die.

If that's your meat, then Jim's your ticket.
Say "Trick or Treat," he'll choose to trick it.
Give him a wound and he will lick it.
Offer a bucket—he's dying to kick it.

He's full of self-pity, it's really sad.
You gotta commiserate with the lad.
Aside from his looks which drove women mad,
Great fame and great riches were all he had.

Mean and pretentious, sullen and snotty,
Pin-up pet of the pop literati.

Is that what made Mr. Stone decide
This decadent stud should be glorified?

Switching from dirges, Jim turns on with hate,
"Wipe out the scourges" he urges,
"don't wait."

Parents, above all, must be got rid of,
Firstly the ones that he is the kid of.

No sooner said than he acts it out,
All that's forbidden Jim wants to flout.

Playing the Oedipus scene he kills Pa,
Followed by busting taboos with his Ma.

He grows a beard and thinks he is Jesus,
Ready to die for our sins, he wheezes.

Loaded with liquor onstage he's tripping,
Out of control our hero's unzipping.

The band's uneasy, the fans grow queasy,
Their Savior's behavior's kind of sleazy.

Jim's on the skids, the going gets rougher,
Morrison's barely BEGUN to suffer.

More of the rock-god doomed to despair...
Where is the exit? We need some air...

It's been two hours and almost a half,
Four heavy DOORS without even one laugh.

We'd always thought
that the sixties were fun,
Now we're weighed down
with their woes by the ton.

Shown and re-shown
what paranoid pain
meant;
According to Stone,
"That's
Entertainment."

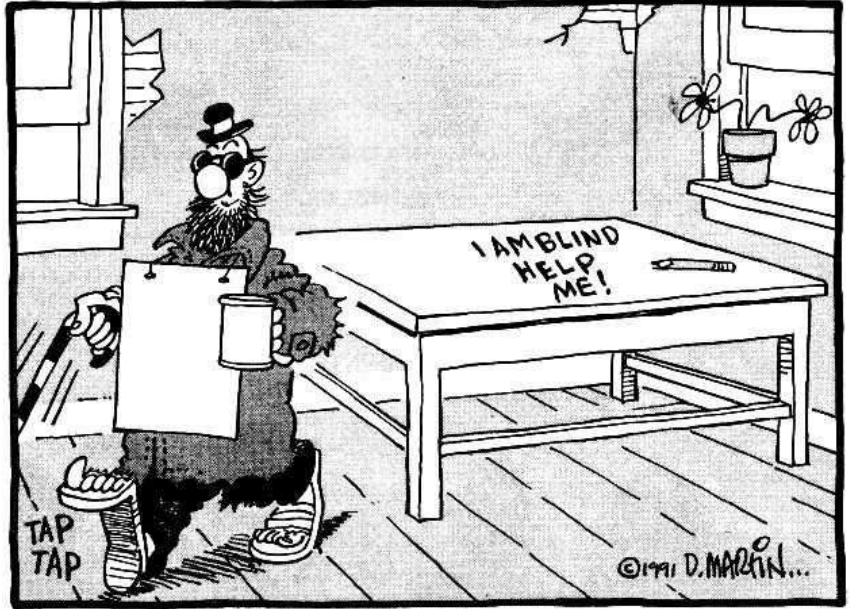
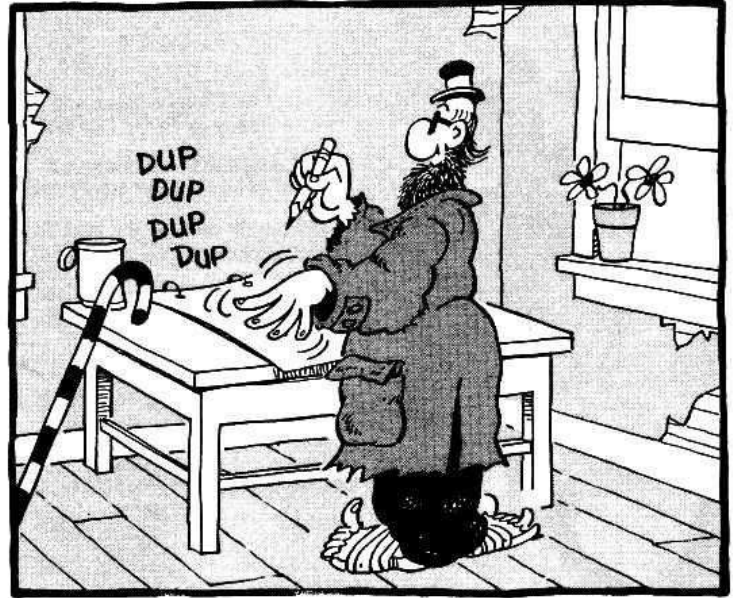
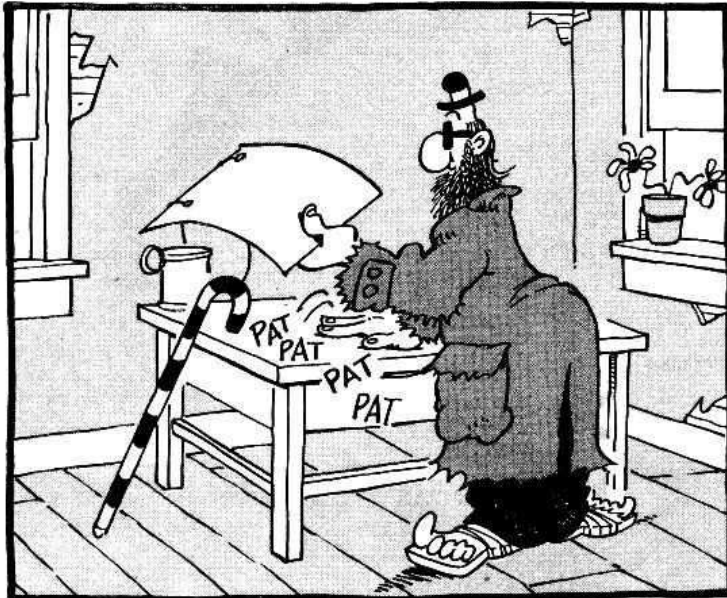
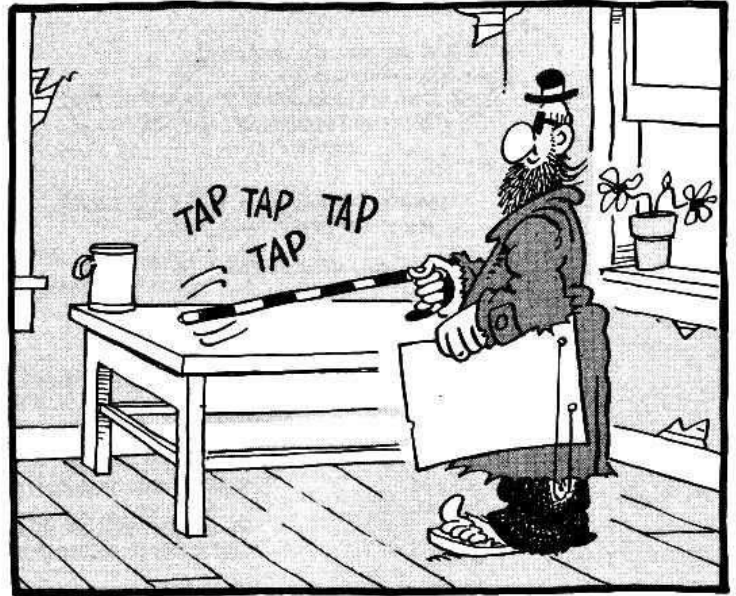
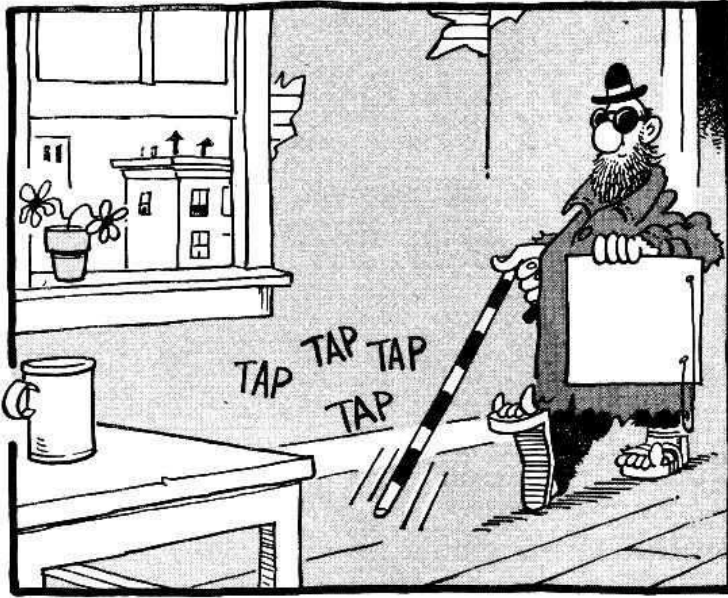
There is, by the way, an ironic P.S..
Jim's much-hated parents
clean up from this mess.

FOR THAT BRILLIANT
DECEIVING
STRATEGY...
WE NAME NORMAN
SCHWARZKOPF
AN HONORARY
SABOTEUR!

THANKS,
GUTS!

CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP CLAP

ONE GREY DAY IN THE CITY



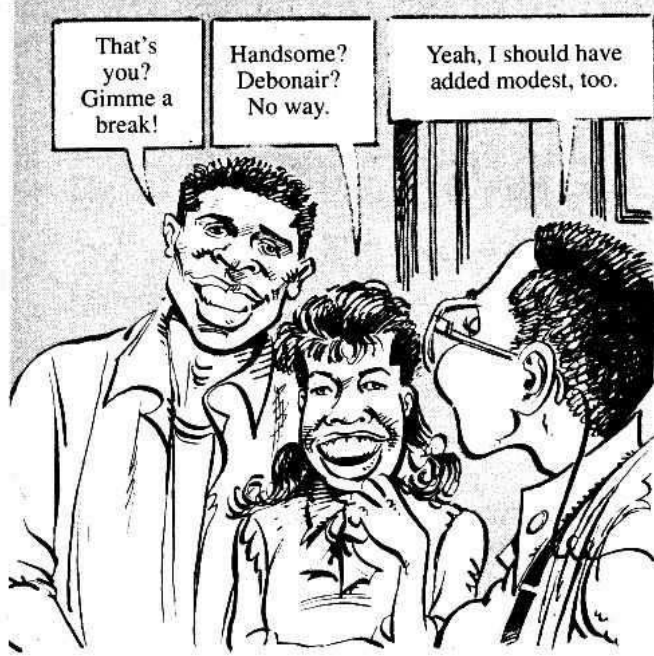
Once TV discovers a successful formula, it stays forever. For instance, the "typical" family sitcom featuring cute, lovable, wisecracking kids; the always squabbling but lovable wisecracking teenagers; the shrewd, lovable, wisecracking mom and the putupon dad, etc. The alleged jokes never vary, neither do the plots. The only thing that ever changes is the racial or ethnic background of the family; everything else is the same tired, old ...

FAMILIAR PATTEN



TRUCK
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE
ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN





That's you?
Gimme a break!

Handsome?
Debonair?
No way.

Yeah, I should have added modest, too.



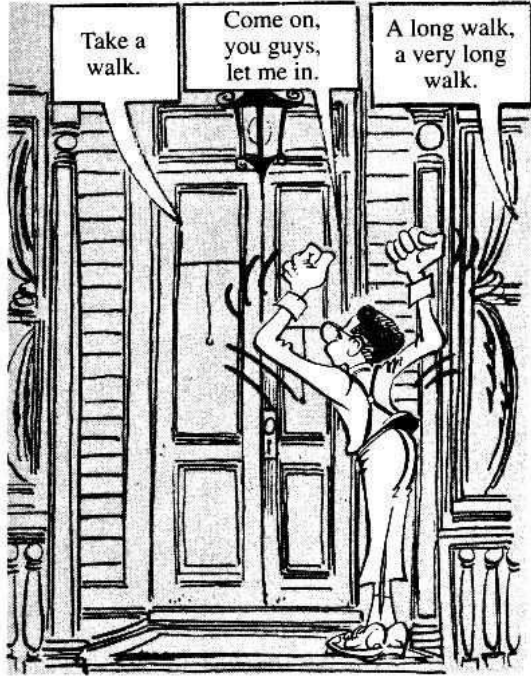
Talented?
Man, that's a hot one.

Feelings...
nothing more than feelings...

You sing like a record playing at the wrong speed.

You know, he talks the same way.

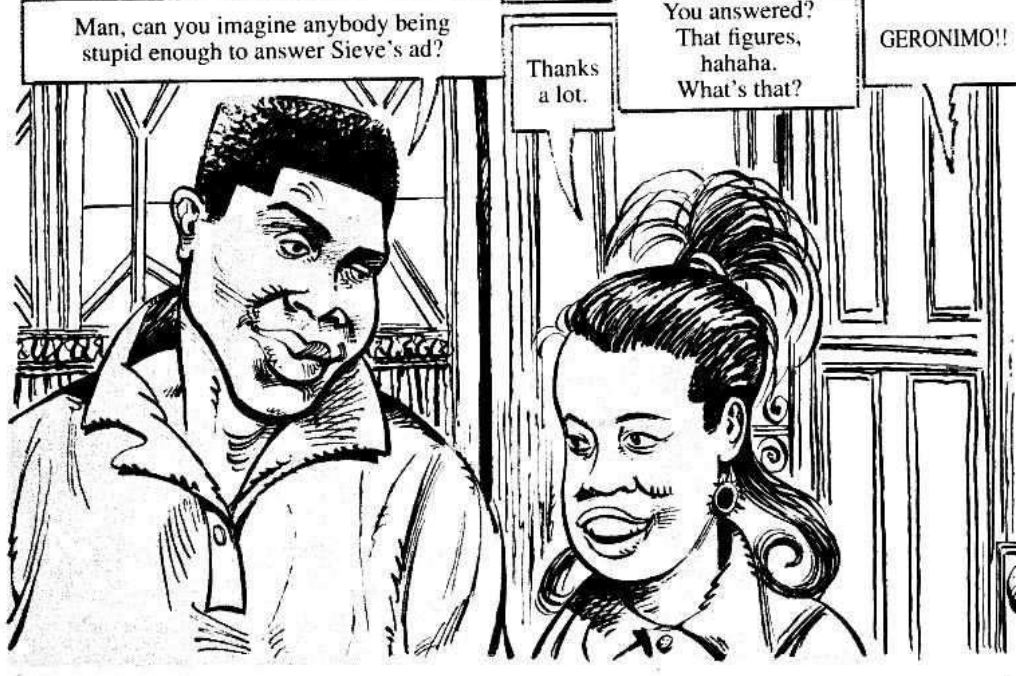
Hey, you like to take long walks!
Well...



Take a walk.

Come on, you guys, let me in.

A long walk, a very long walk.



Man, can you imagine anybody being stupid enough to answer Sieve's ad?

Thanks a lot.

You answered? That figures, hahaha. What's that?

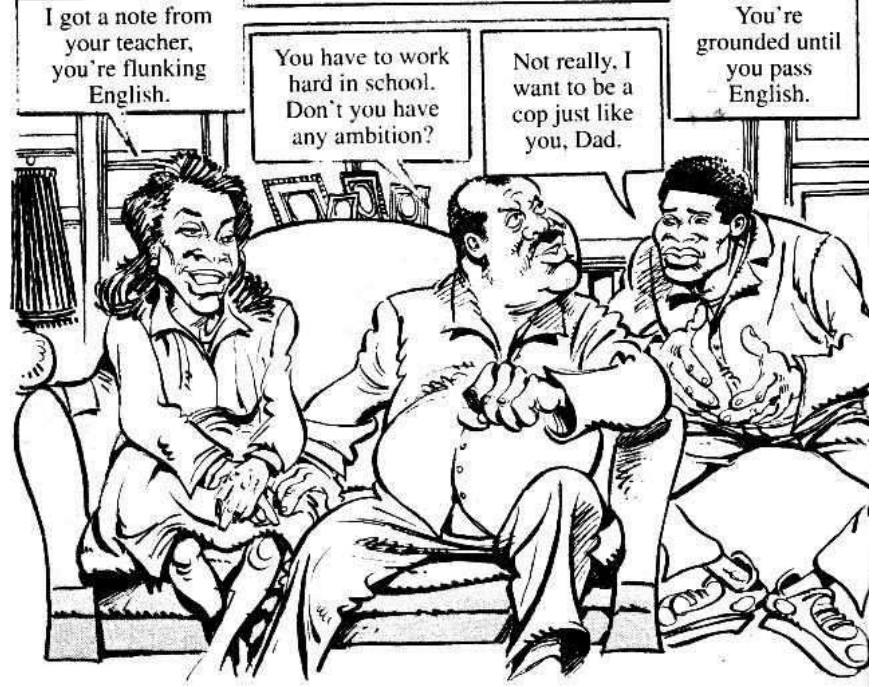
GERONIMO!!



I told you I was into sky diving. Feelings...nothing more than feelings...

Stop, you can't shoot him, he's not breaking any laws!

How about disturbing the peace?

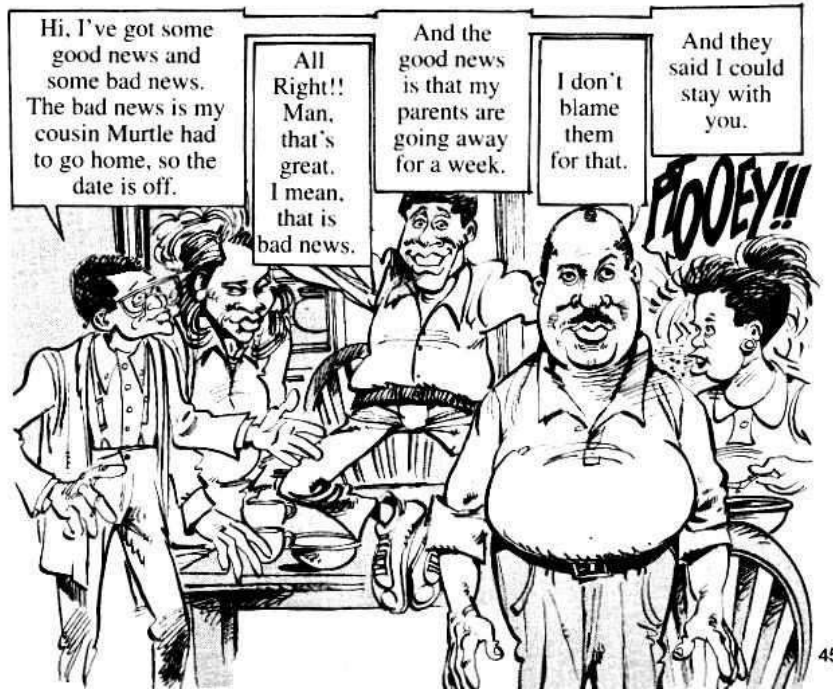
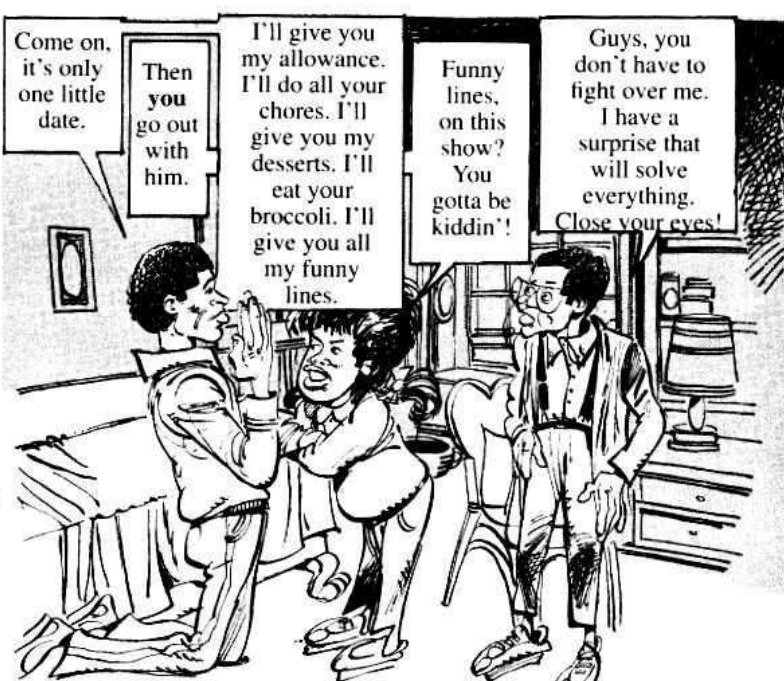
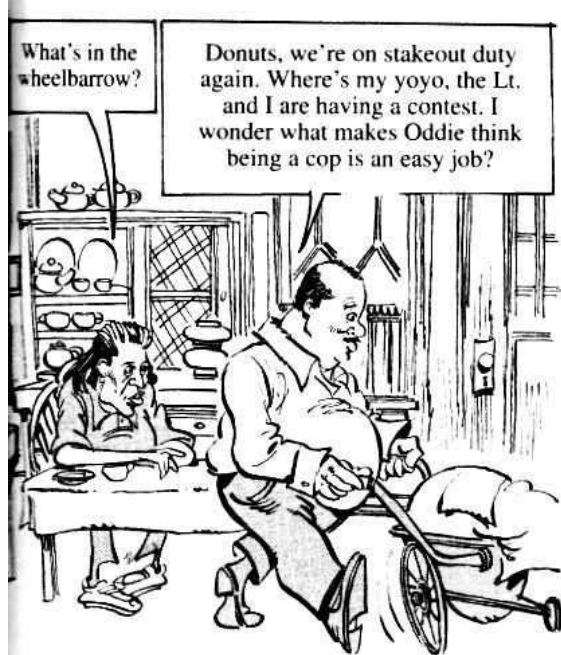


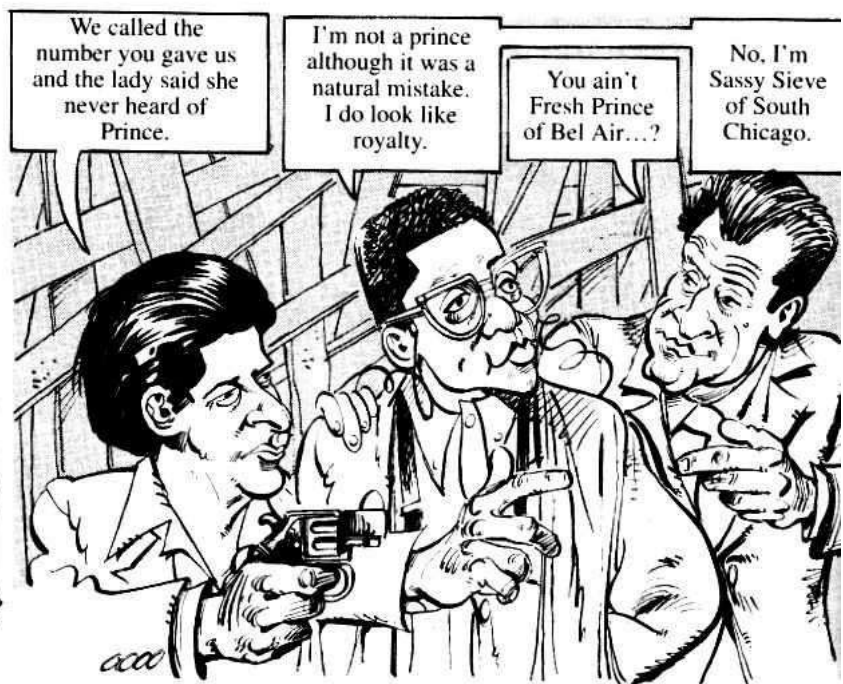
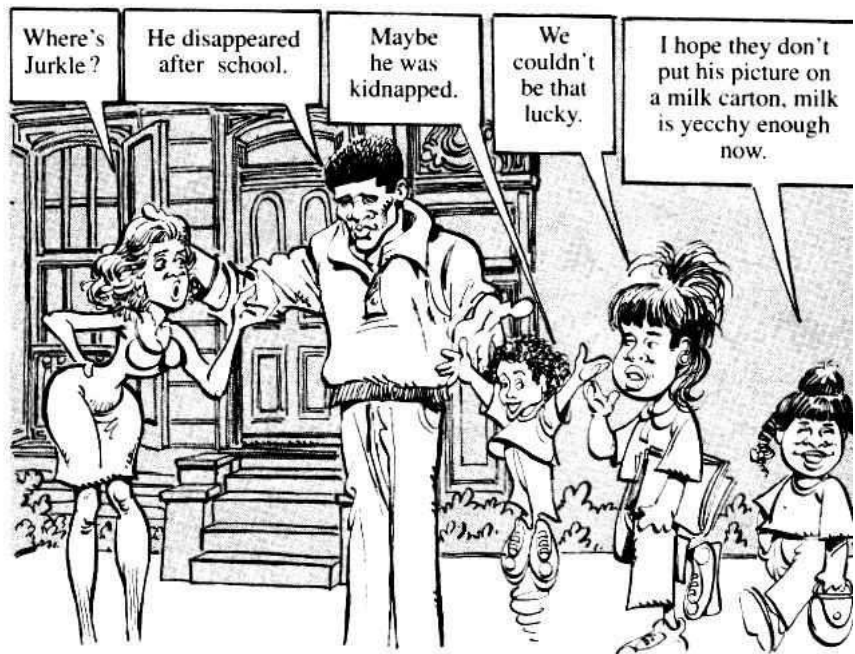
I got a note from your teacher, you're flunking English.

You have to work hard in school. Don't you have any ambition?

Not really. I want to be a cop just like you, Dad.

You're grounded until you pass English.







Maybe it's the kidnappers, what'll we do?

Why ask us, you're supposed to be the cops.

Right, uh, let's eat some donuts.

Why don't you trace the phone call? I saw that on America's Most Wanted.

I was just going to suggest that.



Keep 'em talking, Winslob.

We changed our minds, we're having a Presidents' Day ransom sale; you can have him for a thousand.

Sorry, too much!

Five hundred ...?

Nope.

Name your price, no reasonable offer refused.

Bingo! We got 'em!



Those cheapskates won't even pay his cab fare.

I'll pay for the cab.

Police! Everybody freeze!

Lt., why are you pointing that donut at them?

Lucky I didn't have to squeeze off a shot.

Yeah, you would have emptied a good jelly donut.

I'm going to miss you fellas. Don't worry, I'll come to see you on visitor's day and I'll bring my accordion. I know some neat prison songs.

You can't do that. That would be cruel and unusual punishment.

We know our rights! We demand solitary!!



Why are you so glum, I thought you'd be happy. You and the Lt. made your first bust and Jurkle's gone home.

Yeah, but something real bad is happening on our streets.

You mean a crime wave...?

Worse, much worse. You know how people tend to imitate what they see on TV? Well, look out the window...



The whole world is going Jurkle.

Oh, no!

Isn't this great?

LETTERS

SEND YOUR COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS, AND REQUESTS TO CRACKED LETTERS, 441 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y., N.Y., 10017 AND WE'LL PROMPTLY IGNORE THEM.

LIKE AT FIRST SIGHT...?

I recently bought the Cracked Collectors' Ecology Edition, my very first sampling of any Cracked material. The thing that caught my eye was "The Very Rich And The Very Poor", a hilarious study in contrasts. I took it to school, while still laughing, and a few of my friends couldn't stop laughing, either. I think your magazine is a winner and I'm willing to stick with it!

Pam Robinson
Haughton, La.

A SUPER IDEA!

I think you are the best magazine on the stands. I like it when you tease superheroes such as Superman. And the Sub-Mariner. Why not do a whole issue of pure superhero madness?

Brent Kelley
Ladysmith, Wi.

Editors: Proof that great minds think in the *same* Cracked channels! We've been working on our Super Cracked Special, which should be on sale August 8th. It will contain an eight page comic book section, produced by our Rurik Tyler, master of pen'n'ink mayhem and non-stop fight scenes.

SEVERIN TIES

You know, I'm such an admirer of Mr. John Severin's work, I always look to see if he has more than just one article in an issue. This time he did Kindergarten Pap and Some Things Never Change, which are first class! Can you tell me a few facts about Mr. Severin because I don't know where to read about him. Thank you, sirs.

Preston Novak
York, Pa.

Editors: John Severin's accomplishments in comic continuity *alone* are encyclopedic, A to SEV! Hopefully, we'll be able to do an extensive profile on him in these pages, soon. The entire Severin family has been artistically gifted. His father, John, was a recognized artist in advertising, specializing in creative package design. His sister, Marie, has distinguished herself drawing first-string characters such as Conan, Hulk, Sub-Mariner, Dr Strange, and Muppet Babies, garnering many awards. Incontestably, she is the finest *colorist* around! John Severin attended the High School of Music & Art, with future working mates Harvey Kurtzman and Bill Elder. John contributed immeasurably to the origin and spirit of the upstart *MAD Comics*, which grew up to be *MAD Magazine*. By his own choice, Severin came to Cracked in 1958! For an appreciation of John Severin as other than a humorous illustrator, check your library for the book *Lewis & Clark*, published by Random House. Severin's dynamic drawings will take you on the perilous expedition of the Northwest, 1804-1806, with Lewis and Clark!

JOYS IN THE ATTIC

I just moved into a new house in a different neighborhood and I was awful lonely and bored. One day, I decided to explore the attic of my new home. Over in one corner I spied a stack of about twenty Cracked magazines. That really made my day! In the stack was issue #1 of Cracked, plus an assortment of other issues of Cracked. I was ecstatic! Now I have a collection of over one hundred issues. I was so excited, I bought copies of issue #263 for all my friends; both of them.

Jay Buckheart
Gainesville, Texas

QUITE AN INVESTMENT!

I must say that my *allowance* goes to Cracked, first thing. I have just picked up issue #263 and Kindergarten Pap is outstanding! It's great the way you guys can make a comedy movie so much funnier than the original one. The Clodfather and Cracked Mini-Movie Multiplex were just as good. The Nanny Dickering interviews are lots of fun and I read the one about the "Turdles" seven times. And cheers for the Don Martin cartoons and Anygizer Bunny!

Matt Hensley
Belton, Mo.

AND TYLER, TOO!

Couldn't ask more than issue #263! As usual, Severin and Bianco were at their best with Kindergarten Pap. Good joke about that weasel Saddam, too! I also enjoyed One Fine Day In The Andes and One Fine Day In The Park. Don Martin is probably my favorite artist. But, that Rurik Tyler will be running neck to neck soon. I've gone back to look at his Drawbacks Of Being The Famous Ninja Turtles, dozens of times. Is he a hypnotist, that Tyler?

Jake Kittrell
Charleston, S.C.

SYLVESTER AS LEONARDO?

Are you doing Teenage Mutant Turtles II as a parody? I hope it's by Severin, he's cool! I enclosed a picture of Sylvester as Leonardo. Anyway, keep making fun of NKOTB.

Michael Ahrens
Oxnard, Ca.

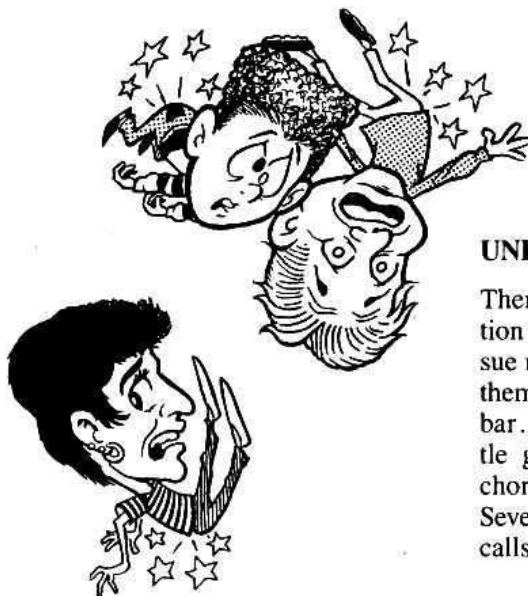


ON COMMUNITY SERVICE

In the past, my friends and I have purchased a number of your magazines and we are totally appalled by the slander remarks and mud-slinging used against New Kids On The Block. In your July, '91 issue of Cracked, your editors stated that celebrities love being drawn and kidded. While I agree that some comments about them can be accepted as "cute" and "playful teasing", others that I have read are downright rude, nasty, and totally unacceptable! I'm a very big follower and fan of NKOTB and I'm not just going to sit here and shell out money so you can go on knocking them for no apparent reason! My friends and I are boycotting Cracked and MAD until the lowdown insults leave your magazines. The New Kids send out *strong and meaningful messages* that teenagers like me can relate to, understand, and accept. And it usually hurts me, and I'm sure Donnie, Danny, Joe, Jon, Jordan as well, when you put down people that I really look up to and listen to everything they have to say. And, as a word of advice, I think you would make a lot more money if you for once said something positive about them. And, in closing, I have one thing left to say: If you were a young entertainer trying to set an

example and give positive messages to the youth or future America, would you want to be knocked down by a magazine taking cheap shots at you? I ask you to please STOP taking pot shots at people who are trying to prepare us for when it's *our turn to run this world*.

Denise Caporale
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.



UNDERGROUND APPROVAL

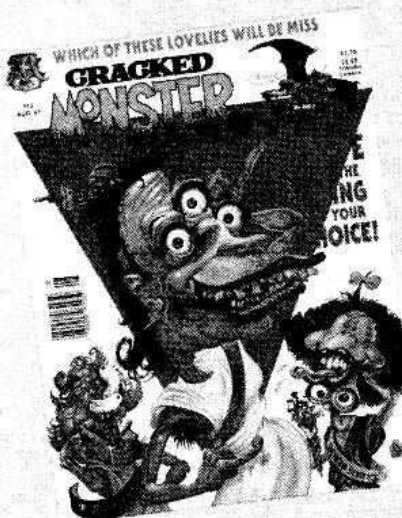
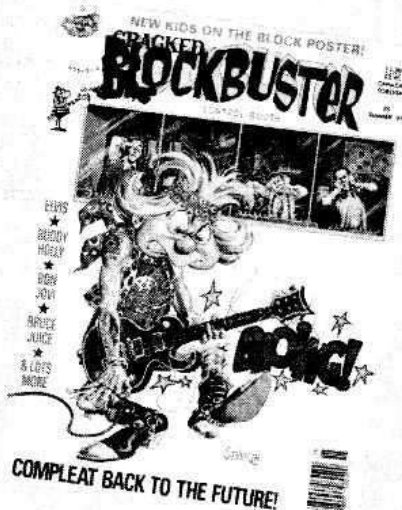
There simply isn't enough praise or mention for the John Severin covers. Don't sue me, but I have a considerable run of them, matted and framed, over my home bar...er, soda fountain...area. That little guy carrying out his Floto Rooter chores on the #263 cover, who else but Severin could transmit that benign, duty-calls expression!

Kim Murtagh
Mission Viejo, Ca.

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SPORTS FAN'S DREAM

WRITER: RICK KRIEGL

ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

I'm proud to announce that Rocky has signed a three year contract for twelve million dollars, making him the highest paid player in the game.



I'm really thrilled with my contract! Now I can concentrate on playing and giving the fans and the owners the pennant they deserve.



Hey, did you see, Doc got five million!

Yeah, and Jose got five and a half!

Darryl signed up for seven million...



I demand to have my contract renegotiated. Man, four million is chump change. That's an insult to my family! I get a new contract or I ain't playin'. I'm outta here!

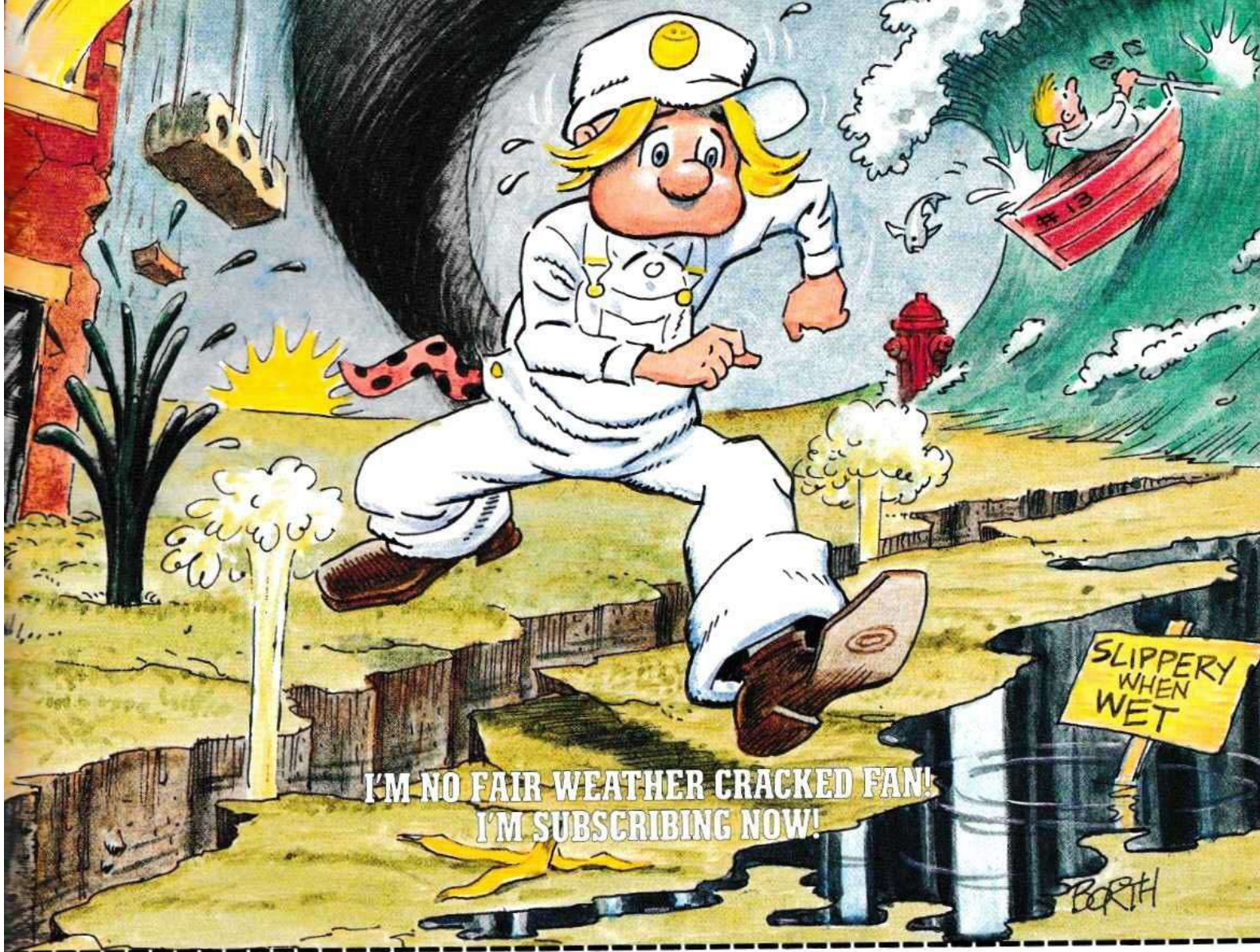


Fill 'er up and check the oil.

Yes, sir.



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